THE Nation

VOLUME 143 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • AUGUST 22, 1936 NUMBER 8

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The Shape of Things

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NEWS FROM SPAIN CONTINUES TO BE VERY difficult to interpret. Although both sides are lavish in their claims of victory, the situation as we go to press remains much as it was after the first few days of fighting. The government has made some progress on the crucial fronts around Saragossa and Madrid, and appears to have slightly the better of the situation in the South. The rebels, on the other hand, have recaptured Badajoz, which they held in the first week of the war, and are said to be threatening to retake San Sebastian. Without question the American newspapers have been giving a much better press to the rebels than to the government forces. In certain instances, as in the case of the Hearst press, this may be assumed to represent a definite bias, but to some extent Madrid itself is at fault. The few American correspondents who are with the government forces complain that Madrid censors are utterly lacking in news sense, and that they are prevented from sending the type of dispatches which the home editors demand. The result is that many of the best correspondents are sending very little from Madrid, and the papers continue to be filled with virtually worthless propaganda from rebel quarters.

*

WHILE THE PROGRESS OF THE GOVERNMENT forces has been disappointingly slow, it must be remembered that the loyalists have every advantage in a long-drawn-out struggle. At the outset the rebels were in much the stronger position. They had the whole army back of them, they were prepared, and they were aided by the element of surprise. But the government, having defeated the first thrust and held the rebels at bay for nearly a month, would seem to have increasingly favorable prospects. It controls not only the main industrial regions but practically all the ports, and has succeeded in reestablishing regular communications among the sections which it controls. The breathing space has given it a much-needed opportunity to equip and train its citizen army, as well as to perform the even more difficult task of organizing supplies on a war basis. Lacking an industrial hinterland, the rebels must depend on foreign sources for their supplies. And while Germany and Italy have shown themselves only too willing to aid their fascist colleagues, the extent of their aid is limited by the relative isolation of the rebel forces. Madrid officials admit that the struggle may go on

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several months before reaching a decisive stage. But with the overwhelming majority of the population strongly loyal to the republic, they admit no doubt regarding the ultimate outcome.

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SECRETARY WALLACE THINKS THAT IT MAY not be necessary for the government to restrict farm production next year. That is good news. However necessary restriction may have been when we were at the bottom of the depression, it is no useful part of a permanent agricultural policy. Any such policy must turn on a detailed improvement of the land and of the condition of the farm population. It will involve erosion control and the diversification of farm production. There is need for a determined effort to replace farm tenancy by ownership, and large holdings by family farms. A real farm policy will work toward better education of farmers, particularly training in cooperation, beginning with consumer cooperation. It should be borne in mind that our serious agricultural surpluses have always been a consequence of the mining out of the fertility of our land, the draining away of the energy and hope of our farm population through excessive rentals, mortgage debt burdens, and inflated cost of supplies. If we take care of our land and the labor on it, we shall produce enough to feed our people, but not enough to choke them. Perhaps it will be necessary for a few years to play with Secretary Wallace's "ever-normal granary" in order to limit the unhealthy surpluses still produced by the continuance of our soil-robbing and soul-robbing agriculture. But it is to be hoped that not too much governmental energy will be diverted to this scheme, which, like Triple-A, can have no future.

*

THE SEATTLE *POST-INTELLIGENCER,* HEARST organ, failed on Friday to make its morning appearance on Seattle doorsteps, after members of Typographical Union 202 had declined to walk to work through picket lines thrown round the *P. I.* building by striking Newspaper Guild men. Approximately forty out of sixty-odd Hearst editorial employees went out on strike Thursday to protest the dismissal of two members of the staff for union activity. Frank Lynch, staff photographer for fifteen years, and Everhardt Armstrong, dramatic critic for seventeen years, had been fired shortly after it became known that they had joined the Newspaper Guild. Though Lynch had recently been given a five-dollar increase in salary, Hearst's straw publisher, W. V. Tanner, attributed his dismissal to "inefficient and wasteful methods"; Armstrong's he laid to "gross insubordination." Solidarity is being manifested on both sides of the fence. The guild strike is being backed by the Central Labor Council, and union longshoremen, metal-trades workers, teamsters, maritime workers, and teachers are picketing side by side with guild members. The two other newspapers of the city have stretched out helping hands to William Randolph Hearst. Editorially, they have invoked the "freedom of the press" with the customary hysteria. Practically, they have offered to print Mr. Hearst's paper in their own plants. Their typographers, however, though bound by contract, have refused to participate in this *entente cordiale,* declaring that it would endanger life and limb to set up a scab newspaper in anybody's plant. Therefore, though the outcome remains uncertain, the guild has won the first round, for the *P. I.* appears to have suspended publication indefinitely. Local Landon forces are reported to be extremely upset by their ally's labor trouble. "Labor's right to organize" has been too blatantly questioned by Mr. Hearst; and it is said that state Republican chieftains are putting the heat on Mr. Tanner to take back his employees and end the strike as quickly and quietly as possible.

*

THE PRESIDENT'S ASSURANCE THAT NO NEW tax laws are contemplated for the next session of Congress may be good politics, but it is not good statecraft. Nobody knows how soon the increase in existing revenues caused by returning prosperity will catch up with the relief burden and make a balancing of the budget possible. Unemployment is likely to prove a more stubborn social malady than we usually assume. Production is going ahead, but as it gets under way it is sure to put into operation many new labor-saving devices that have accumulated during the depression. Farm relief is likely to prove more insistent and more expensive than ever. Whatever the inescapable public expenditures may be, we cannot safely carry them through public credit, once prosperity has returned. If we do we shall not long have any public credit left. The government must be prepared to find new sources of revenue or to increase the productivity of existing sources. Although the Republicans say little about it, they unquestionably have the sales tax up their sleeve, but the Democrats ought not to bind themselves to an exclusive reliance upon fate in recovery. In case of need they should be prepared to make the income tax more productive by raising rates, especially in the lower brackets, where the burden is very light as compared with British income taxation.

*

DOWN IN OLD KENTUCKY THE NATIVES SEEM to know what they like and to go in for it in a big way. The other day the inhabitants of Owensboro and surrounding points turned the official hanging of a Negro into a sort of legal lynching bee, and a pleasant time seems to have been had by all—all being so many thousand white, Nordic natives that the crowd, according to the *World-Telegram,* "spread out from the foot of the gallows . . . up the slope of a hill as far as the eye could see in the murky dawn light. Men and women stood on the roofs of surrounding buildings. Men and boys hung from telephone poles. Men and women leaned out of windows, stood on automobiles. There were even some on the roof of the hearse waiting to take the body away." Many of the citizens gave "hanging parties" the night before, and proceeded—not all entirely sober, it would appear—from private to public conviviality. It may or may not be considered a tribute to the delicacy of the police that "good-natured persons heated by drink were permitted to shout

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their pleasantries, but those who spoke out revengefully against the condemned man were suppressed." At the end there was a rush for the gallows inclosure by ghouls avid of souvenirs. Such is civilization in the commonwealth of Kentucky in this year of our Lord, 1936. And such is the American material ready to the hand of any fascist rabble-rouser. German papers please copy.

*

JAMES TRUE, HEAD MAN OF JAMES TRUE Associates, was planning to have a pogrom in September, according to the *New Masses*. Mr. True denied the story to a reporter from the *World-Telegram* but did admit that he was interested "in getting rid of political Jews." This advance publicity will probably cause a postponement of Mr. True's pogrom, but presumably it did not interfere with the program of the National Conference of Clergymen and Laymen, sponsored by the American Forward Movement "for Americanism, Religion, and Righteousness," which met August 12 in Asheville, North Carolina. Its aim was to have one clergyman, one business man, and one woman from every county in every state attend as a delegate, and the subjects on its programs ranged from The Truth About Consumers Cooperatives to Communism Our Common Enemy. The Reverend Ralph E. Nollner is the chairman of this little group of serious stinkers (we use the word in its good old American sense). We shall probably print further reports of the Asheville gathering if the intense heat does not cause it to explode with its own patriotic petard.

*

THE BLUM GOVERNMENT REALLY DOES MEAN business! Such at least was our involuntary exclamation when we read that it had laid vigorous hands upon that Holy of Holies—and Morgue of Morgues—the Comédie Francaise. Governments have come and governments have gone, but heretofore no rightist or leftist has done more than look reproachful and hurt when reminded of the fact that even country cousins now stay away from the House of Molière and that school children rebel against the occasional visit which is considered a necessary part of their education. Last week, however, the Blum government took time out to appoint Eduard Bourdet manager of the Comédie and to put Jacques Rouche at the head of the Opéra Comique, where the company recently went out on strike against its former governor. Only in France would even a leftist government make the author of "The Captive" (banned in New York because lesbianism was its theme) a government official. But if he really succeeds in modernizing the Comédie the achievement will be of international importance inasmuch as it will remove the chief existing argument against government concern with the arts.

*

THE SOUTH WAS DEALT ACES FROM THE NEW Deal pack when it got the TVA. But while cheap electricity generated new life in the uplands, 1,800,000 families of tenants and share-croppers starved and drudged and battled for existence in the cotton belt. In calling for a federal grand-jury investigation of peonage conditions in Arkansas, the New Deal has at last come around to them. Peonage, according to the federal statute intended to banish it forever from this country, consists in "involuntary or voluntary labor . . . in liquidation of any debt or obligation." But in the South, where the croppers never see the light of a debtless day, the holy alliance of law and the planters has made nonsense of the peonage act. Two days after the Department of Justice announced the grand-jury trial it suddenly dawned on Governor Futrell of Arkansas that the croppers were an "underprivileged class," and he called a conference of Southern governors to study remedies for the tenant situation. Governor Futrell envisages a program of long-term financing through federal and state cooperation to enable tenants to buy their own farms. This would be a step in the right direction—if it is ever taken. If the conference acts in the spirit of Governor Leche of Louisiana, whose comment was that "it never hurts to discuss a situation," or in that of Commissioner of Agriculture Holton of Mississippi, who said "it might be a good idea for friends of the South to get together and stop all this propaganda about the share-croppers," we doubt that it will be. But if the grand jury can screw its courage to the sticking-point and indict the planters for peonage, the governors may yet be pushed into doing something constructive.

*

PATRIOTISM MADE WHOOPEE IN HOLLYWOOD at the California state convention of the American Legion as middle-aged playboys with hangovers, led by kootch dancers, amateur clowns, and very little boys, pranced up and down Hollywood Boulevard in a five-day binge. Deprived since they came home from France of war's "ennobling experience," the legionnaires went in for a little private ennoblement at their final session when the commander and vice-commander let fly with their fists in a battle to possess the gavel, and 2,300 veterans roared and slugged and fought it out on the floor. Militarism rampant was the keynote, too, of their platform, which was pledged to stamp out communism and fascism and to defend "equal rights to all citizens of our country." High lights of this campaign are the proposed vigorous "drive against school pacifism," deportation of all aliens with socialistic tendencies, suspension of immigration for ten years, a vast and costly increase in armaments and military personnel, retention of the criminal-syndicalism law, and compulsory finger-printing of all citizens. Something about this program gives anyone who has followed recent German history a twinge of recognition. The "Americanism" pamphlet recently issued by the Willard Straight Post and the veterans' stand against teachers' oaths had given us hopes for the Legion. We should like to see its forthcoming national convention in September held in this spirit rather than in that of the Hollywood carouse.

*

Sacco and Vanzetti: died August 23, 1927.

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Program for Progressives

WE are witnessing today in America the break-up of the traditional party system. But it is a fair question whether we are also the privileged witnesses of the birth of a new party alignment. Dorothy Thompson, writing in her column for August 13, lets the allurement of a phrase run away with her better judgment. "Mr. Roosevelt's party," she writes, "is no longer the traditional Democratic Party. It is a Popular Front Party." With the first part of her statement there can be no quarrel. But we wish we could agree with the second. Miss Thompson is jumping too far ahead. History moves fast these days, but it must reckon in America with the enormous institutional weight of the party system and even more with the dead hand of our middle-class psychology. It does not move so fast that we can see at once the death pangs of the old party order and the birth pangs of the new. To call Mr. Roosevelt's party a Popular Front Party is to confuse a transitional realignment in politics with a decisive and drastic change.

Of the party confusion of today there can be no doubt. Conservative Democrats are gathering in the Landon camp. Liberal Republicans are to a lesser degree gathering in that of Roosevelt. Trade-union organizations which have in the past stayed clear of political commitments are giving Roosevelt his most effective support. An unknown number of sincere or ambitious folk are grouping themselves under the Lemke banner. Never in recent elections has the Socialist or Communist vote been so conjectural. These are all indications that the dam of the party system has been broken and that the sluices are running freer than ever before. The process began with Mr. Roosevelt's victory in 1932; it is likely to come to an end in 1940. In such a process it is natural that the more liberal of the parties should be the more fluid, and should therefore stand to gain or lose the more heavily. And the chances are that it will gain before it loses. Like Mr. Lloyd George's social-reform government in England, Mr. Roosevelt's social-reform government has made headway by its willingness to recognize the fact of change. But like the English Liberal Party, the Democrats are likely in the end to be squeezed to nothingness between two more extreme and unyielding groups.

What chances are there for a real Popular Front Party in America? The economic crisis does not yet seem to have struck us hard enough to shatter the individualist myth, nor does the danger of a fascist capture of power seem immediate enough. But it will not be long before both of these conditions have been met. What remains is to take the steps that will enable a Popular Front Party, in the face of a common danger and a common opportunity, to assume the responsibilities of government.

It is this sort of action that will constitute during the next five years a program for American progressives. As long as our progressive groups go each their own way, wrapped up in the ecstasy of sectarian righteousness, such a program cannot be entered upon, much less fulfilled. But given a will for common action, what should the action be? Let us set down in short order as a matter of historical record the fronts on which the progressive battle can be fought, as they appear to us in 1936.

First, the support that such progressive groups as Labor's Non-Partisan League are giving Mr. Roosevelt must be clear-eyed and unfooled. It is no popular-front alliance for common purposes in achieving a social reconstruction. It is a fair exchange of strength for strength. Mr. Roosevelt has helped and will help labor within the limits of his class outlook. Labor will help reelect Mr. Roosevelt because, whatever his inadequacies, it prefers him to Mr. Landon. The nub of the matter is that the next four years will determine whether labor can ever organize enough strength to lead a genuine popular-front movement. To muster such strength the labor leaders must conduct a difficult campaign to extend trade unionism. But that campaign can be carried on only when there is an open state of civil liberties, and when the military are not called out to suppress the workers. Under Mr. Roosevelt trade unionism may have a chance; it can have none at all under a Landon who is the puppet of big ownership.

Second, the great task of the next four years is the building of a trade-union base for political action. There is unlimited work here for progressives of every persuasion —work among skilled and unskilled labor, among technicians and professional people. It is natural that the more fruitful results will come from organizing the workers in mass-production industries along the lines of industrial unionism. But that does not mean that craft unionism must be either abandoned or neglected. It means merely that the growing-point of union organization, and therefore of political action, lies elsewhere.

Third, both the workers and the middle class must be educated in the fact that economic freedom underlies political, and that their common interests lie in the protection of both.

Fourth, there is the back-breaking effort of building local political units of a labor party, starting from the bottom up with the ward and the factory. A good example has already been set by several state and city organizations, including the American Labor Party of New York State.

Fifth, the progressive bloc in Congress must be extended and consolidated. It contains already, among its thirty or forty members, some of the best talent and finest energies in American life. With a leadership and a common program they could be welded into the genuine Opposition that has so long been needed in Congress.

Sixth, no program deserves the confidence of the country unless it is based on a realistic knowledge of the economic life of the country. Industry by industry, segment by segment the economic terrain must be explored, mapped, planned. Without such knowledge labor's strength might still be great, but it would be blind.

All this requires immense effort and patience. There may be no time to finish it, for before an adequate labor party has been securely built up the threat of fascism may become much more of a reality than it is. When that happens we shall be fortunate if the materials exist out of which a popular front can be created.

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"Old Bolsheviks" on Trial

IT WAS to be expected that under the velvet glove of the new Soviet constitution there would still be the firm outlines of the iron hand. There can be no doubt that dictatorship in Russia is dying and that a new democracy is slowly being born. But dictatorships do not die an easy death. Ample proof of that may be found in the indictments handed down this week in the much-mooted "Trotsky plots" and the trial scheduled for August 19 of sixteen persons for terrorism and conspiracy against the state.

Louis Fischer, in his article published in this issue, says that the constitution marks the abdication of the dictatorship and the inauguration of a new era in Soviet civil liberties. The contradiction between this and the impression one gets of the implacable pursuit of the Trotskyites by the Stalin government seems great. And yet on second thought it is apparent that the two items are an inherent part of the same developing pattern. The constitution represents, so far as economic security is concerned, an accomplished social fact in Russia, but as concerns civil liberties it represents rather the goal toward which Soviet life is moving. The new indictments underline the difficulties still to be encountered in reaching that goal. The two can coexist because the newly emerging social order has not yet completely broken the shell of the old.

It is impossible at this time and from this distance to form any judgment of how much basis there is in the grave accusations against Zinoviev, Kamenev, and the others who have been indicted. It is unthinkable that the Soviet government should proceed with an open trial unless it has proof of guilt and equally unthinkable that Léon Trotsky should have conspired with agents of fascist Germany to overthrow the Soviet regime. One may guess that plots against Russia on the part of governments bitterly hostile to it and fearful of the Soviet power have not been lacking. One may guess also that there have been members of the group loosely known in Russia as "Trotskyites" who may have resorted to terrorism and conspiracy. One may guess furthermore that Stalin himself and his associates in the Russian governing group are not averse to making the most of what evidence there is against a group that has made a strong bid for wresting power from them. Beyond that one transcends the limits of even reasonable conjecture. We must wait for the evidence that the trial turns up.

Meanwhile, one thing seems fairly clear. The psychology of a dictatorship possesses an inertia that the actual economic and social set-up in a revolutionary regime does not possess. Charges of Trotskyite plots in Soviet Russia are no new thing. They keep recurring with a distressing regularity, bobbing up with the familiar grin of an old and exasperating acquaintance. We do not mean to deride the charges. But it is clear that the Soviet atmosphere is still filled with counter-revolutionary fears as well as with democratic hopes. It is natural that a generation of revolutionists that has been intimate with death and lived on intrigue should go on for some time having the conspiratorial blues. The Russian people still live in a sort of wilderness psychology, surrounded by the howling wolves of their foreign enemies on the east and the west. But what is more important is that their sense of hostile encirclement extends to their own country. Since they have not yet put a political democracy into effect, they do not know who their opponents are or how numerous. The result is that they fear the worst, and act on their fears.

There is irony in the fact that "old Bolsheviki" like Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev, who have given up so much to the revolution, should finally become its victims. But it is an irony of which history offers numerous examples. "Old Bolsheviks" have in every revolution had to give way when revolutionary gains had to be consolidated. Mr. Fischer feels that the new constitution inaugurates a reign of law in Soviet Russia. The best test of this claim will lie in the fairness with which the present trial is conducted.

Father Coughlin Walks Again

THE second coming of the crackpots in Cleveland caused nothing like the sensation of the first. To be sure it was announced in advance as a strictly Coughlin performance, and the good priest has noticeably calmed down since the strip act of mid-July. But there's the rub—and the reassurance. The grand conclave of Messrs. Townsend, Smith, Coughlin, and Lemke at Cleveland violated every tradition of demagoguery. Obviously there is nothing so damaging to a panacea as another panacea on the same platform. For a demagogue to admit even in a whisper that another demagogue has any of the truth is to demoralize the whole Utopian market. When Father Coughlin declares that Dr. Townsend has no right even to dream of seeing his plan for $200 a month realized until the Coughlin plan for nationalizing the Federal Reserve system has been accomplished, the average radio listener is more than likely to turn the dial. It is no accident that since the July love feast there has been nothing but bickering, indecision, and defection for all the brave talk of the man who writes publicity news stories for the Union Party. As a corollary the possible effect of the radio vote seems much less menacing. The Four Hoarsemen may separately rally their adherents once more, but we cannot help feeling that most of their ten o'clock evening scholars are sleeping it off and will vote more or less as usual in November.

If we were a Republican editorial writer (always allowing for Mark Sullivan's flair for Gerald Smith), we should proceed to the satisfying conclusion that the American people have too much common sense to be misled for long by such unsound doctrines as those in-

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flicted on the innocent air by Messrs. Townsend, Coughlin, and Smith. We cannot accept that conclusion if only for the reason that the American people have been misled for generations by the Republican doctrine that our present economic system represents the functioning of a natural law. It is in the soil of this vast deceit, in fact, that the Townsends and the Coughlins and the Smiths flourish and will continue to flourish.

Their eclipse so far as this campaign is concerned, if it turns out to be that, must be laid to other reasons. The continuance of the recovery is an important factor, especially when it is considered in relation to the general health of the nation. The United States is so huge and diverse and husky that its body politic can absorb a great deal of poison and still go to work the next morning, just as its economic body can probably absorb even further depression without seriously cracking under the strain. We are referring to the country as a unit, of course, and we are not forgetting the thousands upon thousands of Americans who reached the end of their strength in a depression which is no longer as severe as it was but still hovers as an ever-present threat—there are, after all 11,000,000 still unemployed.

Another important factor in the deflation of the Lemke boom lies undoubtedly in the inferiority of our present crop of demagogues. As we have said, no demagogue of the first caliber, say Huey Long, would have joined forces with any other. Father Coughlin has lost caste since that first meeting by too many apologies, and the report that the Vatican had exercised a censorship over him must have cooled the ardor of many a Coughlin admirer whose hatred of the "money power" is only exceeded by his fear of popery. Father Townsend's backing and filling, together with the fact that the United States government is after him, could not have set well with the old folks. As for Gerald L. K. Smith, he is the most dangerous of the lot. But he simply has not the proportions of the man whose coat of many colors he tries to wear, and what is much more important, he lacks the fundamental faith of the really powerful demagogue. Huey's strength lay in his genuine belief that he was saving Louisiana and would save the nation. Smith hardly pretends to that faith; he cannot move votes without it. At least for the present, Roosevelt, who is himself no mean practitioner of the political art, holds the field.

Berserk

STEEL, the darling of capitalism, was "unbalanced" in the twenties. So we are told by the Council for Industrial Progress, which recently completed a case history of the most prominent member of our industrial family. An analysis of iron and steel production, wages, and employment from 1914 to 1933 showed that from 1919 to 1929 the yearly productivity of each wage-earner rose from $2,873 to $3,718, while in the same period the average yearly wage of the steel worker increased only from $1,450 to $1,568. To put it another way: the value added to raw materials by manufacturing was $821,000,000 in 1914; it tripled to $2,465,000,000 in 1919 because of the World War, and rose to $3,275,000,000 in 1929. It fell to a paltry $1,062,000,000 in 1933. The average yearly wage stood at $683 in 1914 and at $903 in 1933; and the average number of wage-earners in this industry group was lower in 1933 than in 1914, the respective figures being 617,776 and 554,108.

The number had risen, to be sure, to 880,882 in 1929. But will 1929 ever come again? The council doubts it, because its investigation shows that "the major portion of the increased production was achieved by maintaining employment at the previous level or by establishing a new level requiring fewer workers." And another estimate based upon production figures of the American Iron and Steel Institute related to figures on employment and working hours issued by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics shows that even if steel output should be as high as in 1929 there would be at least one-third fewer man-hours of work available.

The council issues a warning. If the steel and iron industry, it says in effect, goes crazy again to the same degree that it went crazy between 1914 and 1929, during which period the productive capacity of the workers increased more than three times as fast as their consuming power, it will create a serious problem; old man steel, the council intimates, must lay off labor-saving devices and increases in operating efficiency—in a word, give more workers more money to buy groceries with. Otherwise "is it not possible," asks the council, "that even though we come out of a depression through 'natural economic forces,' production can swing ahead at full speed so fast and can so far outstrip purchasing power that we will not even reach a period of 'normalcy' before being plunged again into the depths?"

But alas! The issue of the New York *Times* which contained an abstract of this alarming fever chart printed in the same section the news that all industry, as profits rise, is spending more and more on industrial research—which means largely on labor-saving devices. This year, for instance, the steel industry is spending $9,200,000 on the various drugs expressly forbidden it by the Council for Industrial Progress. Meanwhile it has already perfected and is installing everywhere continuous rolling mills which will throw thousands out of work.

The campaign to organize the steel workers is the only development in the direction of increasing the purchasing power of steel labor. It is being greeted with cyclone fences, tear-gas, and barbed wire by the "unbalanced" steel owner who sees it merely as an attempt to raise his labor bill and cut his profits. But even if it succeeds it cannot make more than a relative improvement. There is only one genuine solution. The steel industry, if it is not to drag our whole industrial structure to ruin, must be placed in a public institution owned and operated by the people of the United States. Only then can it be scientifically controlled and fulfil the function for which it is now so marvelously equipped, namely, to supply America with steel while creating a high standard of living for that cooperative labor which has brought it to its present high efficiency.

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Father Coughlin's Fish Fry

BY GEROLD FRANK

Cleveland, August 16

"JESUS!" breathed the newsreel man, gathering in his lines in the shadow of the stadium. "What an ending!" He was talking of Father Charles E. Coughlin, who brought the first annual convention of the National Union for Social Justice to a close by calling President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Rexford G. Tugwell "Communists," directing his audience to "go to your homes as to a trench," and suddenly collapsing under a hot sun and being spirited away, while 30,000 people, stunned, stood in a silent prayer.

Indeed, Father Coughlin's heavenly fish fry is over, and if it proved anything to those who underwent it, it was that the man who hopes some day to be "a simple parish priest again" is very much with the world. As a disembodied voice, he was listened to; as a living man who walks the earth, who breathes, gestures, smiles, and bends the graciousness of his shining countenance upon them who believe, he is worshiped. They love him.

It was all Coughlin Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, save for a few hours of the first day when that "Great Betrayer" and "L—" came to town quite innocently to look over the WPA projects in Cleveland. But that was not important. Father Coughlin waited until the President left at four o'clock and then delivered a surprise address in Public Hall on money and the persecution of the Jews which made the headlines of the evening newspapers.

The show lagged a bit at the beginning, but by Saturday night Father Coughlin had to be escorted through the corridors of the Hotel Hollenden in the center of a flying wedge of burly Irishmen lest the faithful dismantle him in their frenzy, and the National Union for Social Justice convention had become an orgy of affection. Maryland moved a vote of thanks to Father Coughlin's mother for bearing him. Indiana advanced to the rostrum and pointed out that his father was born in Indiana. Kentucky called him a second Lincoln. All states agreed that he was the Greatest American of All Time, and some compared him even to Christ. Thomas C. O'Brien, the Union Party candidate for Vice-President, apparently a little cagey about superlatives, merely called him "the greatest living teacher of economics," while F. L. Van Ness, a Kalamazoo, Michigan, artist, estimated that from 2:30 p.m. Friday until 1 p.m. Saturday he sold 11,500 reproductions of Father Coughlin's portrait, done in misty, saint-like pastels, at two bits each. And finally the entire assembly in convention met passed a resolution—one of a number of resolutions marked by the repeated and significant use of the term "Our Leader"—indorsing everything he ever publicly said or did as well as everything he was ever publicly to say or do.

Miss Helen Elizabeth Martin of the Bronx, New York, well-nigh swooned Saturday with the honor that was hers of nominating Father Coughlin for the presidency of the N. U. S. J. Fortyish, a red ribbon holding her frizzled auburn bangs to her forehead, Miss Helen blew two-fingered kisses at the audience and standing pale and sanctified at the rostrum, declaimed dramatically, "I dedicate this moment to the two women who prepared me for it. They are in the Great Beyond. . . . I stand alone." It developed that she was talking about her mother and grandmother.

Miss Helen performed one more noble deed before that momentous day ended. She clapped her hands and spontaneously fluttered across the platform at 8:02 p.m. to give her lacy white handkerchief to the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, who at the moment was living up to all advance notices by dripping perspiration and indicting bankers in Brazil for the murder of little pigs in Iowa. Dr. Francis E. Townsend, third steward of discontent, also spoke, and although he promised to lend the support of his people, he was dry and didn't shout, whereupon a number of delegates began to walk out to late supper. Then the Reverend Mr. Smith began, and for a time it looked as if he might steal the show.

It may be interesting to note that it was a new Coughlin whom the reporters met Friday and Saturday. They were bowled over by his affability. He apologized for the harsh statements he had made. He was sorry. President Roosevelt? Of course he should be respected for his office. His visit in town? Just a coincidence, and if he, Father Coughlin, had known at what time the President was to pass Public Hall he, Father Coughlin, would have suggested that the convention adjourn so that the delegates could gaze upon their President. But Sunday afternoon, speaking in the stadium, Father Coughlin was all that he had ever been on the radio. It may be possible he was thinking of Gerald Smith's performance the night before and its effect. At any rate, it is known that he did not prepare his Sunday speech until Sunday morning.

It was on Friday and Saturday that Father Coughlin protested to reporters that until he should be elected president—that is, *if* he should be elected president—he was no more important than any other delegate. "See this?" he asked, showing his delegate's badge to the dubious reporters. "I'm just one of the boys." This was not scrupulously believed, because there were rumors that Father Coughlin knew something of the constitution and may even have had a hand in the later indorsement of William Lemke of North Dakota. Few delegates, however, had the temerity to differ with Delegate Coughlin; one tried it and had a very bad time of it. I know, because I still bear bruises where I was shoved when John H. O'Donnell, the hard-bitten Pittsburgh alternate, was escorted off the platform. Mr. O'Donnell may well tell his grandchildren that back in August, 1936, he rose

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to his feet, one against 8,153, and bawled "No!" when Lemke's indorsement came up. Five minutes later he was marching down a back corridor, still hard-bitten and silent, with police massed about him and frantic loyalists shouting "Judas!" after him. A middle-aged woman clawed her way through to scream, "How much did Farley pay you?" "Where'd he go?" demanded a delegate who looked like an original Berzelius Windrip man. "I don't want to see that monkey get out of here in one piece." The police kept Mr. O'Donnell in a locked room, then took him for a motor ride and suggested he spend the rest of the day at the Great Lakes Convention, which is also a big show, but less dangerous.

One of Father Coughlin's statements, made a few moments later when the audience began a demonstration for Lemke and O'Brien, may yet return to plague him. "If I don't swing 9,000,000 votes to Lemke," said Father Coughlin, bright-eyed at the sight of the yelling, marching crowd, "I'll quit broadcasting for good."

Lemke himself was even more generous with statistics, but Lemke wasn't wagering his future on them. Sitting upstairs in the Hollenden Sunday morning, a bald-pated, grinning figure in striped galluses and a baggy gray suit, Liberty Bill invited newspaper correspondents to visit him in the White House after March 4, next. "The doors will be open to you just the same," said Mr. Lemke, "even though the newspapers don't let you print the truth." Several correspondents, touchy from the humidity, unwound their handkerchiefs from their necks and began telling the next President of the United States where to get off. Things soon quieted down, however, and Mr. Lemke, folding his freckled fists together and staring at the ceiling, went on to make predictions.

"I shall poll fifteen million. An underground swell is now becoming a tidal wave. It will sweep me into the White House and Roosevelt and Landon into discard." While he was talking, said Mr. Lemke, he might as well straighten the boys out about his feelings where Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Landon were concerned. "To me," he explained, "Roosevelt is a bewildered Kerensky not knowing where he's going, and Landon represents the dying shadow of a past civilization."

By whom was he being nominated, please?

"I'm being nominated by the sovereign people of the nation who work for a living," said Mr. Lemke, waving his hand. He was then asked why, if he and his party were deeply concerned with labor, the Union Party platform did not specifically mention collective bargaining.

"It doesn't have to," retorted Mr. Lemke. "That's understood in our emphasis upon a living wage for labor." He continued to speak of the people of the United States, the people who understand the spirit "in which our forefathers wrote the Constitution."

Had he examined that remarkable document the constitution of the National Union for Social Justice? Did he know that the president appointed the nominating committee which presented the names for the board of trustees from whom, in turn, the next president had to be chosen? That was a closed corporation, wasn't it, and was that written in the spirit of the forefathers?

"Well," said Mr. Lemke, "a lot of things are closed corporations. That's just what Congress has been lately." This question couldn't be pursued any farther because Mr. Lemke had meetings to attend and North Dakota hands to shake.

In all the shouting of the convention one man was quickly forgotten, yet to some extent he was an interesting figure among those present. This was Senator Rush Dew Holt of West Virginia, keynoter. Senator Holt denied that he was in the position of an innocent passerby who had unexpectedly been buttonholed and pulled in to speak, but circumstances were suspicious. He was the third choice, and the recommendation of Walter Davis, Father Coughlin's convention marshal.

The Senator was lounging about his home in Weston, West Virginia, a week ago Saturday, he said, when he was called to the telephone and informed that Father Coughlin would like to have him make the keynote speech in Cleveland on the fourteenth. "It was Davis talking," said Holt, stretched out on a sofa in his suite, one leg dangling, the other on the sofa arm wiggling from side to side, "and he said I could talk as I wished and wouldn't be expected to indorse or condemn any candidate. The next day they called me back and I told them O. K." Honestly and frankly, Holt explained, he couldn't figure out why Father Coughlin chose him. "Probably," he said, "they picked me on my record."

That record, as far as labor was concerned, was darned good, too, John Lewis or no John Lewis. "I'm sorry I accepted his support in the Senate race," said Holt, sitting up. "He's a menace. I'm still with the United Mine Workers of America—with the men who work. But Lewis is one of the most dangerous influences in America today. Do you know, he set up a dictatorial rule in the United Mine Workers, and those men can't even vote on their own affairs!" He went on to explain as he sat there, his hair mussed, the ends of his opened tie hanging down his shirt, that his aim in the Senate was to expose hypocrisy. He'd also like to work so that the laboring man could have a better wage. But he did not like the political opportunism he found in the Senate. "I'd rather go down to defeat for a principle than win through political expediency," he said.

Even if that opportunism permitted him to gain time to accomplish much more important reforms? "Absolutely," said Holt. And if he lost out, wouldn't the actual result be worse than before, so far as the reforms were concerned? "No," said Holt, "I don't believe any man can lose who fights for the right thing."

Getting back to the National Union for Social Justice —was he a member? "Oh, no," said Holt, "but I think its principles are essentially good. I was glad of an opportunity to explain my views on economics and politics as outlined by the principles of the union."

Well, did he think, perhaps, that the National Union for Social Justice might ever turn into a fascist tool?

"Gosh," said the Senator from West Virginia, "I hope not."

Addendum: Sunday afternoon Mr. Lemke also spoke.

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Soviet Democracy: Second View

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, August 1

THE new Soviet constitution is a remarkable and important document. Some people suspect it. "Yes," they say, "the new democracy looks very fine on paper. But how will it be carried out?" If the new constitution had suddenly sprung from the mind of a wise lawgiver or from the hands of a clever legal commission, I too would be skeptical. Actually, however, it is the fruit of an organic growth. Moreover, it is not merely a promise. Many of its provisions register changes which have already taken place.

For instance, it guarantees paid employment, leisure, and free education to all the inhabitants of the country. This describes an existing condition. There is no unemployment in the U.S.S.R.; indeed, there is a scarcity of labor. The fact that the Bolsheviks wrote universal employment into the basic law suggests that, in their opinion, the present situation in the labor market is not a passing phase but an unalterable characteristic of socialist economy. Similarly the guaranty of leisure reflects existing arrangements. A fortnight's vacation with pay for all toilers is the legal minimum, and it is often exceeded. The seven-hour day is becoming the rule in Russia; the authorities hope some day to achieve further reductions. Compulsory education has been adopted by other nations. The Soviet Union is no exception in this matter. But in no other country do so many adults go to school. I know factories in which 60 to 90 per cent of the force attend free courses. Any Soviet man, woman, or child who wants an education can already get it for the asking. In respect to employment, leisure, and education, therefore, the constitution merely clothes fact with the mantle of inalienable right.

"Women in the U.S.S.R.," reads the new constitution, "are accorded equal rights with men in all fields of economic, state, cultural, social, and political life." They have always enjoyed this equality. "Citizens of the U.S.S.R.," declares another article, "have the right to material security in old age, as well as in the event of sickness or loss of capacity to work." Old-age pensions and social insurance are ancient Soviet institutions. Likewise, "the equality of the rights of citizens of the U.S.S.R., irrespective of their nationality or race," is one of the original pillars of the Soviet regime.

This is the third Soviet constitution. The first was adopted on July 10, 1918, the second on January 31, 1924. Lenin wrote in 1909 that a constitution "expresses the real alignment of forces in the class struggle." This alignment has changed so much since the revolution that the first two constitutions quickly outlived themselves. The second constitution granted no rights to citizens. It did not even mention those rights which they already had. Its chief concern was the definition of the powers of the state. The reasons are clear. The destructive civil war was of recent memory. The dictatorship was fierce and arbitrary, for the domestic enemy had not been extirpated. The government was socialist in name, but socialist economy counted more problems than achievements, and capitalism displayed resistance and strength. Half the trade, one-fifth of the industry, and all of agriculture were in private hands. How could the state guarantee labor to all? It was not master in its own house. It had to continue the class war, and the basic law could not be individual right; it was official might.

Using the prerogatives which the revolution gave and the constitution of 1924 confirmed, the dictatorship proceeded to crush capitalism and build socialism. After twelve years of costly struggle and unprecedented sacrifices, Russian capitalism is dead and Soviet socialism has acquired colossal power. Socialist industry produced 16,100,000 tons of coal in 1924, 108,900,000 tons in 1935; 5,900,000 tons of oil in 1924, 26,772,000 tons in 1935; 800,000 tons of pig iron in 1924, 12,493,000 tons in 1935; 179 locomotives in 1924, 1,866 in 1935; 300,000 tons of cement in 1924, 4,470,000 tons in 1935; 4,056,900 pairs of leather shoes in 1924, 84,816,000 pairs in 1935; no automobiles twelve years ago, 96,700 last year; and so on through the entire amazing record of Soviet economic progress. These figures, the Bolsheviks declare, are the "music of socialism." There is no capitalist industry in the U.S.S.R. and private commerce and farming have shrunk to negligible dimensions. A new alignment of social forces has resulted.

This "victory of socialism," says the fortnightly *Bolshevik*, organ of the Communist Party, "permits us to undertake the normalization and ordering of all our legislative work and to strengthen our judicial system. . . . Soviet law must be precise, intelligible to the masses, and stable. The most important element in the stability of Soviet legislation is the new constitution." The constitution is thus rooted in successful agrarian collectivization, in advancing industrialization, in mounting individual productiveness. On this new basis, in Bolshevik opinion, new human rights are possible. "It is difficult for me to imagine," Stalin said recently to Roy Howard, the American newspaper publisher, "what sort of 'personal liberty' an unemployed person can have when he is hungry and cannot find any application for his labor. Real freedom," he continued, "exists only where exploitation has been abolished, where there is no enslaving of some persons by others, where there is no unemployment and poverty. . . ." Lenin put it this way: "As long as class distinctions and private ownership of means of production remain, the slogan of liberty and freedom is

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a lie and a hypocrisy of bourgeois society. There can be no equality," he argued, "between the person who owns property and the person who does not, between the one who is well-fed and the one who goes hungry."

Until 1929 there were exploiting classes in Russia. "Now that they are liquidated," says the *Bolshevik,* "now that, according to Stalin, 'our society consists solely of the free toilers of city and village—the workers, peasants, and intellectuals,' the former limitations on Soviet democracy are no longer necessary."

It is logical, consequently, that the bill of rights as set forth in Chapter X of the new Soviet constitution begins with the rights made possible by the growth and enrichment of socialist economy—paid labor, leisure, and free schooling—and then proceeds with the civil rights which were denied while the dictatorship encountered the opposition of hostile capitalist classes. These, first, are "freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly and meetings, freedom of street processions and demonstrations." The present "alignment of forces in the class struggle" would easily warrant the Bolsheviks in immediately investing this new right with concrete content. That is why it is in the constitution. But the past has adduced no evidence that anti-Communists or even Communists and pro-Communists who are excessively critical of the central authorities will soon obtain any liberty of expression on political problems. In the field of literature there has been slightly more tolerance. Even a dynamic revolutionary regime, however, is subject to inertia, and Russia has no democratic tradition. It will probably be some time before the Soviet government dispenses with the steam-roller in politics. It is no longer necessary but it remains a convenience. In regard to freedom of speech, therefore, I shall wait and see.

But the constitution grants other civil liberties even more important. Article 127 affirms that "citizens of the U.S.S.R. are insured the inviolability of person. No one may be subjected to arrest except upon the decision of a court or with the sanction of the prosecuting attorney's office." And "the inviolability of the homes of citizens and the secrecy of correspondence are protected by law."

The constitution of 1924 did not guarantee these elementary rights because conditions would have made it impracticable. The dictatorship then, operating usually through the G.P.U., exercised unlimited powers. Neither human beings nor apartments nor letters were safe from its arbitrary acts. The test of Articles 127 and 128 is the curbing of the G.P.U. Has it been curbed?

The slow eclipse of the G.P.U. commenced in 1931 when its excessive zeal turned legitimate suspicion of some engineers and technicians into an unfair crusade against vast numbers of intellectuals. In his Six-Point speech of June 23, 1931, Stalin called a halt to this unfair discrimination, and about the same time Akulov displaced Yagoda as actual chief of the G.P.U.* Akulov was more tolerant and "liberal-minded." A certain amount of relaxation resulted, but the struggle over collectivization was still fierce. The iron hand could not yet be dispensed with. The G.P.U. machine refused to cooperate with Akulov, and he was shelved. But in the spring of 1933 Stalin appointed Akulov to the newly created office of chief prosecuting attorney with authority to "supervise the legality and regularity of the G.P.U.'s acts." Akulov commenced to release large numbers of prisoners and to check arbitrary procedures. In January, 1934, the government decided to reorganize the G.P.U., restrict its authority, and rename it the Commissariat for Internal Affairs. This was a severe blow to the prestige and power of the G.P.U. But worse was in store. On December 1, 1934, Sergei Kirov, the beloved Leningrad Bolshevik leader, was assassinated. Part of the blame fell on the reconstructed Internal Commissariat. It was charged with insufficient vigilance. Some of its high officials were immediately arrested. (They are now working as prisoners on the Moscow-Volga canal.) Shortly thereafter the Internal Commissariat was shorn of the right to arrest certain categories of people—engineers and military men, for instance—without the permission of the prosecuting attorney's office. This was an unheard-of limitation, but it indicated that ruthlessness and terror had ceased to be the state's most trusted weapons.

The new constitution continues this development. The prosecuting attorney becomes the most powerful official in the Soviet government. He is selected by the supreme council or parliament for a period of seven years, whereas all other members of the government hold office for only four years. In him is "vested the highest supervision of the exact observance of the law by all People's Commissariats and the institutions under them, as well as by individual officials and citizens of the U.S.S.R." In other words, he is superior to the Internal Commissariat. Moreover (Article 117), "the representatives of the prosecuting attorney's office perform their functions independently of any local organs whatsoever, being responsible alone to the Chief Prosecutor of the U.S.S.R." The prosecutor's paramount task will be the protection of individual rights and personal inviolability. He is clothed with the power to do this. The Internal Commissariat must come to him or go to the courts for a warrant to arrest anyone or to search a residence. He can veto any of its moves. If these regulations had appeared in 1930 or 1931, few would have accepted them as realistic. But the rise of the authority of the prosecutor and the weakening of the G.P.U. has already created exactly the relationship between these two offices which is formulated, made permanent, and carried a long step further by the new constitution. The reign of law is now definitely established in the U.S.S.R. There is little doubt, accordingly, that if the present normal times continue—in other words, if there is no foreign war—Soviet citizens will hereafter really enjoy inviolability of person, home, and mail. They have the courts, too, for redress of grievances. The constitution lends the Soviet judiciary a new importance and independence. In a recent article in the *Bolshevik* entitled The Soviet Court and Soviet Democracy, A. Vishinsky, the chief prosecutor of the U.S.S.R., stated that the first principles of Soviet court procedure must be public hearings, freedom

*These important matters were dealt with by Mr. Fischer at the time. See *The Nation* of February 22 and August 9, 1933, May 8 and May 15, 1935.

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of discussion, a guaranty of the rights of the accused, equality of all parties in the dispute (even if the state is one of them), and unhampered activity by the defendant's lawyers. This doctrine is new in the Soviet Union. It is part of the democracy which the constitution introduces.

The constitution will be adopted by the Congress of Soviets scheduled to assemble in Moscow on November 25, 1936. That date will herald a new era in civil liberties for Soviet citizens. Inhabitants of the U.S.S.R. always had numerous liberties of great value: the absence of economic exploitation; equality and special privileges for women; the elimination of disabilities of national minorities; favoritism toward the former "lower" classes which helped them reach the highest levels in politics, economic administration, science, and so on; state care of the health of the well and the sick; consultation of the private individual at his place of work, which had the effect of giving him a measure of control over his employer, the state; the numerous avenues, including special investigating commissions and the press, through which a citizen could complain against official discrimination and obtain justice. Nevertheless, this liberty was incomplete without civil rights. Now these civil rights are granted to all, including priests, former Czarist officers, kulaks, and other ex-enemies of Bolshevism. The Soviet state fears nothing from the inside and less and less from the outside. Therefore the dictatorship yields to democracy.

The essential feature of the new democracy is a two-chamber parliament, or supreme council, which is the source of all governmental authority. The lower house is to be elected for a period of four years by popular vote—one delegate to each 300,000 inhabitants, not, significantly, voters. The upper council of nationalities, elected proportionally by the governments of the federated republics—national autonomous territories—was instituted, although the two-chamber system seems to hark back to an ancient tradition, in order to protect the interests of the Soviet Union's numerous racial groups. Parliament passes all laws (hitherto decrees having the validity of law originated with many departments) and directs all the functions of government. It may, whenever it wishes, arrange nation-wide referendums on vital questions. It exercises the right of pardon. A member of parliament enjoys immunity, of which only parliament or, when it is not sitting, its presidium of thirty-seven members, can deprive him. Both houses must approve a bill before it becomes law. If they disagree and if no conciliation is possible, parliament is dissolved and new elections take place. Both chambers together elect the cabinet and remove cabinet members. Parliament, it follows, can overthrow the government. Parliament will engage in open discussion and criticism of government acts. This may be the beginning of free speech.

The world has seen a number of parliamentary regimes converted into dictatorships. The Bolshevik dictatorship is the first to resign in favor of democracy. The Bolsheviks prepared the road for this change by destroying the classes which threatened their rule. Other dictatorships cannot do this; the classes which naturally would or actually do or some day might threaten them are too large. You cannot wipe out the working class, for instance. This Soviet phenomenon of democracy succeeding dictatorship is therefore unique in history and may remain the only instance in history of the voluntary abdication of a dictatorship.

Zioncheck: An American Tragedy

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Seattle, August 12

HUNDREDS of newsboys, longshoremen, peace advocates, college students, railroad workers, farmers, and lumberjacks attended the funeral of the Representative from the First Washington District who was buried yesterday. The death of Marion Zioncheck deprived these people of a sincere friend and courageous champion, who had come from their ranks and had kept faith with them in the measures he supported on Capitol Hill. His casket was covered with a quilt of flowers and wreaths sent by the state's labor unions and liberal organizations.

What sort of person was Marion Zioncheck? What were his political views? From the first of the year until his spectacular death here last week Zioncheck received more attention than any other public figure except the President. Relatively few of the millions amused by his exploits knew his opinions or his background. To them he was merely a haywire alcoholic who waded in fountains.

But this was only the last phase of his career. Until his mental collapse in January he was a brilliant young liberal who might one day have been the dominant political figure in the Pacific Northwest. Zioncheck came to the United States from Poland in 1903. His family moved westward to the state of Washington three years later, and at six Marion began working his way through school. In the course of his education he sold newspapers, herded cattle, and peddled fish along the wharves of Puget Sound. He entered the state university when he was nineteen, but was forced to withdraw in order to help support his parents and sister. He worked for a time as a clerk in a jewelry store and then had odd jobs in various lumber camps.

After four years he returned to the university. Coming from a background of oppression and hardships, he was first aroused by the snobbery of the fraternity system. He

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banded the independent, unaffiliated students into a compact political organization, and insisted on democracy in campus life and activities. In 1928 he was elected president of the student body. He immediately objected to a series of extravagant expenditures for athletic equipment, maintaining that they would delay the construction of a much-needed study and recreational center. A troop of behemoth football players, angered by such outrageous interference with the "gravy-train," dressed up one night in hooded robes, and after shaving off Zioncheck's hair threw him into Lake Washington. The local Hearst paper was privy to this amateur fascism and a photographer was on hand to make a flashlight picture of the episode.

But Zioncheck was no mere college rebel. As soon as he became a member of the bar in 1929, he began defending deportees and others in danger of losing their civil rights. With Jack R. Cluck he argued a succession of cases for the Civil Liberties Union. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Senator George Norris, and in 1931 he interested himself in the public-ownership fight in Seattle. He led the successful recall campaign against Mayor Frank Edwards, who was opposed to the municipal power activities of J. D. Ross, superintendent of city power and light. Ross, recently appointed to the Securities Exchange Commission, was a pallbearer at Zioncheck's funeral.

In 1932 Zioncheck was a spearhead in two victorious forays at the polls. He aided in the election to the Senate of Homer T. Bone, relentless crusader for public ownership, and he himself was sent to the House. In Congress he joined with the progressive bloc. He supported production-for-use, and continually raised his voice against excessive military expenditures. He made an exhaustive analysis of the use of various National Guard units in labor disputes, and declared that the people were paying taxes to enable the Guard "to see to it that scabs get in there and break strikes." He supported the New Deal power and labor measures, but he consistently opposed the Administration's gearing up of the war machine.

With the backing of the Washington Commonwealth Federation—probably the most powerful production-for-use organization in the West—Zioncheck was reelected to Congress in 1934. He at once launched a one-man campaign of Fabian warfare on Representative Thomas L. Blanton of Texas, sponsor of the infamous red-rider to the District of Columbia appropriation bill. Zioncheck so thoroughly detested Blanton that he frequently overstepped the limits of good taste in his attacks on the number one red-baiter of the House. With the possible exceptions of Representatives Sisson and Maverick, the harassed teachers in the national capital had no more persistent friend than Marion Zioncheck. Here is a sample of his verbal attacks on the incomparable Blanton:

> The gentleman from Texas is a great defender of the Constitution and the Supreme Court. . . . In view of this it gives one cause to wonder why it is that the Gentleman from Texas never calls the House's attention to the fact that a Negro is lynched in his district now and then . . . despite the fact that he knows that the Constitution does not make any provision for lynching Negroes in his district. . . . The Gentleman from Texas claims that he is a true Jeffersonian Democrat, and still he continues to advocate and hold on to red-riders, Kramer bills, and what have you, despite the fact that I have called his attention to it several times that Thomas Jefferson stated in writing . . . that this type of coercive legislation is bad, and that if passed and enforced half the people would become hypocrites and the other half fools.

Zioncheck had a plentiful supply of moral courage. He was not afraid of the power of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* and frequently attacked Hearst. He scored the attempts to build up a Nazi, anti-Semitic movement in his district, and he was one of the first Congressmen to expose the Townsend agitation as an alleged money-making racket. A distressingly large number of pseudo-progressives chimed in with the O.A.R.P. chorus, hoping thereby to hold the crackpot vote. Zioncheck refused to collaborate in this intellectual chicanery. He said the Townsend snare was ruining the chances of a sane old-age pension program. He put in the first resolution to investigate the Townsend financial set-up.

Political courage and intellectual honesty—those were Zioncheck's outstanding virtues. He also had faults. He was arrogant and egotistical. He needlessly antagonized people by discourtesy or downright rudeness. Frequently he was vulgar. Against these shortcomings, he had an attractive personality when he chose to be amiable. Small and wiry, he seemed to have boundless energy. He was one of the few men in the House who tried to read through every bill up for consideration. His collapse was at least partly due to overwork.

Had Zioncheck lived, it is difficult to say whether he would have been reelected. There is no doubt that many of his active supporters had been alienated by his behavior. But the workers and unemployed still had faith in his integrity, and they might have pulled him through the election. Before his collapse he was considered a possible gubernatorial candidate, and it was considered certain that he would one day be promoted to the United States Senate. His breakdown and death must be set down as an American tragedy, for Marion Zioncheck typified many of the best traditions of the Republic. An immigrant boy —the son of a family fleeing from oppression abroad—he took advantage of the opportunities offered by the great democracy of the West. He became the champion of oppressed and unfortunate people, and even until his garish end they retained unshakable confidence in him.

To millions of Americans Marion Zioncheck was a rambunctious young politician running wild. To thousands of his constituents in Seattle he was still the lad who quit school and peddled fish to help a struggling immigrant family survive in the pull-and-haul of the profit system. Just before his body was lowered into the grave at Evergreen Cemetery, the Reverend Fred Shorter of the Church of the People said, "Marion was a shell-shocked comrade who died at the barricades fighting to the very last for the poor and dispossessed." Only seconds before he threw himself from his office window Zioncheck scrawled in incoherent fashion on a piece of Congressional stationery, "My only hope in life was to improve the condition of an unfair economic system. . . ."

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Arming the Industrialists

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

IT cost $25,000, according to the best accounts, to kill a soldier in the World War. How much it costs to kill a striker in an industrial war has never been computed. But considering the estimated $80,000,000 a year spent by American industry to break up union organization, and the persistent rumors that steel plants have been purchasing great quantities of munitions for the coming struggle, it would seem that shedding workers' blood must come rather high. The employers may or may not be nervous about this sort of outlay. But there are some business men concerned in this activity who have no reason to be disturbed and every reason to rejoice.

They are the munitions makers. While these gentlemen talk of serving law and order, they lose no time in filling up their order books. Their salesmen find it just as worth while to call on "personal directors" and company police as to visit the military men of foreign and domestic governments. Firms engaging in this sort of business do not wait for strikes to commence. They go after the business before trouble breaks out and persuade industrialists to arm, regardless of the consequences to the workers. In fact, the picture of their methods and their effect on industrial peace bears a horrible similarity to that furnished by Messrs. Vickers, Schneider, and Krupp.

In this country the true *Comité des Forges* of industrial munitions is Federal Laboratories, Inc., of Pittsburgh. This firm has assets of $375,000 and a force of between fifty and sixty agents in the field (exclusive of its foreign connections). Federal Laboratories sells tear gas (chloroacetophenone), sickening gas (diphenylchloroarsine), gas grenades, riot guns, and machine-guns. It acts as exclusive agent for the Thompson submachine-gun and has served as broker for other firearms. Its principal competitor is U. S. Ordnance Engineers, Inc. This firm has a capitalization estimated at $150,000 and also sells gas products, bombs, machine-guns, and firearms. So far as the records show, U. S. Ordnance Engineers, at least in the industrial field, is not as active as Federal Laboratories.

Both these firms stress their importance as suppliers of non-poisonous gases to banks, police departments, militia, and so on, for the purpose of preventing crime and disorder. According to their officials, tear gas and sickening gas provide the most humane method of suppressing riots and strike disorders, and in many instances save human life. The president of Federal Laboratories boasts that, in the Toledo Auto-Lite plant strike in 1934, they "came in there with the tear gas and I think saved further damage and some loss of life."

There is some doubt whether riot gases actually measure up to Federal Laboratories' high standard of humanity. According to Senator Clark of Missouri, two babies died after being gassed during the bonus-army troubles. The effect of sickening gas on hungry, undernourished strikers can well be imagined. The records of Federal Laboratories reveal a case (authenticated by the coroner) of the death of a man who had been under fire from these projectiles. The company report intimates that the man had a poor heart and "got too much DM [sickening gas]." According to another version, the victim died after being hit in the stomach by a gas shell. Heber Blankenhorn, of the National Labor Relations Board, takes issue with the altruistic claims of the gas firms. He says:

> They say these tear-gas bombs do not hurt. I happened to see one of the men hit by one of these and all that could be seen of his face, when I saw him in the hospital, was one eye glaring at me and something like a mouth—when he tried to call for water, more blood and sputum came out than anything else. Other men were there [in the hospital] who were not pretty pictures.

Such pictures, it is true, do not adorn Federal Laboratories' highly illustrated catalogue. But the cuts on the cover of this volume suggest that protection against bank bandits and racketeers is something less than the knock-out argument in Federal Laboratories' sales arsenal. For instance, there is a photograph of the gas-filled streets of a West Virginia coal-mining town, during a strike. Another shows a mob and is labeled Against California Communists. The following photographs, all of the same sort of subject, fill out the list of illustrations: scenes from the Weirton, West Virginia strike; the Steubenville, Ohio, strike; the Clairton steel strike near Pittsburgh; a coal strike in Fayette County, Pennsylvania; a coal strike in Clarksburg, West Virginia (where several people were killed); milk strikes in Wisconsin and New York; and finally a snapshot of officers standing on the steps of the United States Capitol building during the bonus-army troubles.

When war threatened in the Chaco, Asuncion and La Paz drew munitions salesmen from Europe and the United States. Similarly, when labor troubles are imminent, representatives of the gas munitions firms are on the job. Mr. Young, president of Federal Laboratories, wrote to one of his agents as follows:

> . . . a notice in Sunday's *Herald Tribune* that they were expecting labor trouble at the Panama Canal. This paper lists the Callahan Co. and Shirley, Peterson, and Gunther as contractors. This is for the new Madden Dam Alejuela. I think if these people are properly solicited they can be convinced of the importance of carrying tear gas on hand in Panama. I suggest you follow this through.

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Tear Gas

Since these firms have agents in most of the large cities of the country, including industrial areas, they can and do render service, even before the event.

Some straight-from-the-shoulder sales talk accompanies these exertions. Here is a quotation from one of the circulars sent out by Federal Laboratories:

> Be sure to advise your customer that when they use gas to use plenty of it. We have found from experience that if the police try to disperse a mob with too little gas, their efforts will not be successful. To toss a couple of grenades and gas shells into a fighting mob could not be expected to control it. You have got to give them gas and plenty of it.

Nor are signs of the times overlooked in these appeals. In a letter to an agent Mr. Young makes the following cogent remarks:

> I am quite sure this present crisis, while it has brought a shortage of funds, has brought an acute demand for our products, which puts us in the preferred class, and we should impress upon the public officials that they should spend money for the purchase of tear-gas equipment even when they cannot afford to pay salaries.

Or, as Mr. Young explained in commenting on this letter, "I think it is well known that in prosperous times you do not have trouble with riots that you do in time of adversity."

The officers of these companies paint a vivid picture of police officials protecting property and "faithful workers" from disorderly strikers, pickets, and sympathizers and insist that only by means of gas can the police avoid killing members of the mobs. But Mr. Blankenhorn, describing to the La Follette committee the strike at the Republic Steel Company's plant in Canton, Ohio, in the summer of 1935, offered a different view. He testified that not one window in a Republic machine shop fully a third of a mile long and contiguous with a street had been broken by the strikers. Armed guards came out of the plant, charged down the street with tear gas and billies, and dispersed pickets. He summed up in these words: "There was no pretense that there was any threat to the plant. It is an example of the way these plant munitions are used; they are not for the purpose of protecting property but for the purpose of breaking up picket lines."

These firms by no means confine themselves to tear gas and equipment. Federal Laboratories obtained revolvers from Smith and Wesson for the Weirton Steel Company. On June 26, 1934, Federal Laboratories wrote the Department of Justice, asking what the attitude of the department would be toward the delivery of machine-guns to the following firms: Cudahy Packing Company, Newport, Minnesota; Gulf States Steel Company, Birmingham, Alabama; Republic Steel Company, Youngstown, Ohio; Southern Natural Gas Company, Birmingham, Alabama; Tennessee Coal and Iron Company Railroad, Birmingham.

In the records of the Senate Munitions Committee there are exhibits of about 40 waybills of shipments of arms to industrialists directly, and of about 150 shipments to local authorities. The dates indicate that these shipments took place just before labor disturbances. Among firms listed were the H. C. Frick Coke Company, the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company, and the Essex Rubber Company, Trenton, New Jersey. Cities purchasing munitions were as follows: Boston, Massachusetts, in November, 1935, $3,000 worth of gas and munitions; Denver, between December, 1934, and April, 1935, over $5,000 worth of Tommies; Detroit, Michigan, between April and November, 1935, over $10,000 worth of Tommies and gas munitions and a $12,600 armored car; Barberton, Ohio, between November 21 and December 14, 1935 (period of strike there), nearly $5,000 worth of munitions; Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, September, 1934, over $2,500 worth of Tommies and gas. ("Tommies" are machine-guns.)

Sales of munitions, gas, and guns to industrial firms and to police bodies require, under present laws, some

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red tape in the form of permission from federal and local authorities. "Permission" involves at times some rather murky dealings. In some cases industrial firms pay for arms shipped to the local authorities. Thus the sheriff of the county in which a Cudahy plant was located received the guns, and the vice-president of Federal Laboratories wrote, "I think they [Cudahy] are contributing somewhat in paying for them." Sometimes shipments are made to other parties, or the marking of the shipping cases is altered to conceal from employees the nature and origin of the contents. Thus Federal Laboratories ordered forty-eight revolvers from Smith and Wesson for the Weirton Steel Company, with this warning:

> Ask that the invoice be made out to Weirton Steel Company, but send it to us rather than direct to Weirton Steel Company, on account of their desire that their employees be not familiar with what they are doing. They require that we use great secrecy in the way bills are handled.

Another order for guns and gas from Federal Laboratories was marked, "Ship to Borough Hall, Duquesne Borough Hall, invoice to Carnegie Steel Company, Carnegie Building." And another for $3,000 worth of riot guns and gas equipment was marked, "Ship to John B. Michela, Wolvin Building, Duluth, invoice to H. C. Frick Coke Company, Frick Annex, Pittsburgh." Also indicated on this last invoice is the following: "Box to be marked merchandise from H. C. Frick Coke Company," instead of Federal Laboratories. The John B. Michela mentioned here appears in records as a former member of the police and espionage system of the Oliver Iron Mining Company, which is a subsidiary of United States Steel.

The ultimate effect of this on the workers is, of course, chloroacetophenone and casualties. The immediate effect is a condition extremely favorable to the sale of more guns and gas. No matter how ingeniously the cartons of munitions may be labeled, the intended victims have a sure nose for camouflage. Today, along the Monongahela, down in West Virginia, in Youngstown, in Gary, wherever steel labor moves toward organization and the inevitable strikes, rumors of large shipments of munitions to the plants add to the growing tenseness of the situation. The workers are already nervous about the spies and provocateurs in their midst, and the knowledge that munitions to be used against them are being stored in the plants fans their apprehensions to a dangerous temperature. Mr. Blankenhorn says, "They [sales of munitions to industrial firms] are a part of the cause of labor unrest among the steel companies, because when the men find these concealed devices, there is a sense among the workers that a kind of secret warfare is being made against them."

The international armament racketeers drum up business by selling to both sides in a strained international situation. The industrial armament racketeers sell to one side only, but gain the same end by different methods. For one thing, legal action in the courts has hamstrung the operations of the Wagner Act, which set up the National Labor Relations Board to enforce the principle of collective bargaining and to settle labor disputes. For another, labor espionage, industrial detective agencies, and strike-breaking firms constitute one of the surest means, first, of stirring up labor, then of suppressing its attempts at organization. And between the largest supplier of industrial munitions and these two instruments of anti-labor action there exists a strong and profitable link.

On the Board of Directors of Federal Laboratories is Roy G. Bostwick, who is a law partner of Earl F. Reed, chairman of a subcommittee of the National Committee of Lawyers of the American Liberty League. A brief composed by this committee has been utilized by industrial interests throughout the country to challenge the action of the National Labor Relations Board. In fact, the blocking of the board's rulings in many labor centers has been credited to the legal assistance provided by this committee. Beside Mr. Bostwick on this board sits W. W. Groves, the president of the Railway Audit and Inspection Company, which operates a number of espionage and strike-breaking concerns throughout the country. The connection between Railway Audit and Federal Laboratories is by no means recent. A. A. Ahner, at present head of his own detective agency, in 1928 was general manager of the Railway Audit in the St. Louis area. At that time he was arrested with a Federal Laboratories tear-gas bomb in his possession. In two cities, Atlanta and New Orleans, the offices of Federal Laboratories and Railway Audit are the same. One of Mr. Groves's exploits took place in 1932 in the General Materials strike in St. Louis. In that strike two men were killed, two others were so badly clubbed by hired strike-breakers that one of them was sent to an insane asylum. A gang of strike-breakers, some with criminal records, were arrested for this and referred police to their "boss," Mr. Groves. Mr. Groves was arrested by the police, and his bond, according to an article in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* was signed by Beverly Brown, "cuckoo gang bondsman."

Federal Laboratories, according to Mr. Blankenhorn, have pushed their connection with espionage and strike-breaking so far that in Atlanta last year they applied to Chief of Police Poole for a detective license of their own. This was refused on the ground that it would mean the introduction of spies and stool pigeons into the plants of that area, which in the opinion of Chief Poole would create the kind of disturbance for which munitions might be sold. The international arms racketeers could do no better.

Such is the net woven between industrial war and munitions. Earl F. Reed, partner of a Federal Laboratories director, works for the blocking of N.L.R.B. cases in the courts. Result: discontent among the workers with legal action for their rights, and their conversion to a policy of direct action and strikes. W. W. Groves, another director, runs an agency for espionage among the workers, a potent method of widening this discontent and hastening the process toward war. Once the ensuing situation becomes acute, Federal Laboratories steps in and, to borrow the vivid phrase of Sir Basil Zaharoff, "does the needful."

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE news that Senator Borah has triumphed in the primaries in Idaho is to be welcomed. Even those of us who are beginning to feel only pity for the Senator's failure to live up to his opportunities and be the great political leader he ought to be would feel disappointed if his seat should be lost to him in the election next fall. For he is not only the Senator of longest service, but he does add intellectual distinction to the upper house, even if his course is frequently as tortuous as a snake's. From all that I can learn, his adversary, Governor Ross, would not add to the strength or wisdom of the Senate. But he may win.

Quite as satisfactory is the news from Texas that Congressman Maury Maverick has triumphed in the primaries and will be duly reelected next fall. Great sums of money went into his district to defeat him. Although he is an ex-soldier with a remarkable war record and consequent physical injuries from which he constantly suffers, the attempt was made to defeat him on the ground that he is too pacifist—and, of course, a "red." I have already gone on record as saying that it is hard to recall another case in which a young and unknown man has deservedly won so wide a national reputation as has Mr. Maverick in his first term. We have been so accustomed to having it said that no new Congressman could make a name for himself, and that to exert a genuine influence in Congress one must have reached a high committee position after three or four terms, that I think this object lesson of what one man of character, courage, and firmly held beliefs can accomplish is of the utmost importance. Like Senator Norris and many others, Mr. Maverick has proved that it pays a thousand times over to put a good man in office in Washington and that it is a lie born of cynicism and despair to say that there is no use in sending fine men to Congress because they are always dominated by the party machine.

As usual in a Presidential election, we hear too little about the contest in the various states. I want to appeal, therefore, to all my readers to interest themselves in local candidacies for Senate and House, and to give time and strength, and money if possible, to the election or reelection of men who have really shown themselves to be liberal. In any case all who are opposed to the militarization of this country and to the growing fascist spirit owe it to themselves to demand of candidates for Congress where they stand on these all-important issues, if they have not already made themselves clear. Wherever possible, pressure should be brought to bear upon them to make them aware that there is a militant minority which is opposed to compulsory military drill in our schools and colleges, opposed to our entering the naval armament race and to our running up an annual bill of $1,137,000,000 for army and navy. And the candidates should be polled, too, as to how they stand on the tariff and whether or not they are for as much tariff reform as the Administration is giving us in the reciprocal tariff treaties.

In this connection I want especially to call attention to the candidacy of Merle D. Vincent to succeed Senator Costigan of Colorado. Mr. Vincent is opposed by two strong candidates, the present Governor Johnson and a former Governor, William E. Sweet, who has been an ardent and able protagonist of the New Deal. Mr. Sweet, a man of high character, made a good record as Governor and I assume that the influence of the Administration is being thrown to him. But Mr. Vincent's years of hard work in behalf of an enlightened labor policy in Colorado and his outspokenness on the issues which seem to me all-compelling would make me vote and work for him if I lived in his state. I am certain that he would be a worthy successor to Senator Costigan, whose loss, with that of Senator Norris which I fear may come to pass, will be a most grievous blow to the Progressive bloc in the Senate. Mr. Vincent stands on an admirable platform. He is for the vital features of the Administration's farm program and against any extension of the landlord and tenant system. He is for the reciprocal trade agreements.

He is for saying to other nations: We will not enter your suicidal race of preparation for war. . . . We will not send an armed soldier to foreign soil or a warship to foreign waters to participate in foreign wars. He is wholeheartedly for the protection and advancement of labor. He is opposed to Supreme Court control over Congress and he is, of course, for the social-security program of the Administration while realizing that thus far only first steps have been taken. He is for producers' and consumers' cooperatives as affording the prospect of a kind of price control which safeguards both the producer and the consumer. He is especially emphatic in his demands for academic freedom in our schools and colleges, which he rightly terms a grave national issue. "We want," he says, "the children and the young men and women of our country to know the facts and conditions prevailing in the world in which they live."

Here I must make a correction. In *The Nation* of May 6, writing in this department, I stated that a well-known gambling resort in Florida was aided in its business by receiving its telephone messages over a Coast Guard telephone. I find that I was mistaken in this; that the telephone in question belongs to another department of the government. I am the happier to make this correction because I greatly admire the efficiency and ability of the Coast Guard, especially of its ships and their crews.

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BROUN'S PAGE

"YES, the Reverend Mr. Smith's speech was what we call 'rabble-rousing.' But under the spell of his oratory one felt that there was something fine, and to some extent justified, in the indignation with which he answered those who call him a 'rabble-rouser.' "

This heartfelt tribute to the aide of Talmadge, Huey Long, Coughlin, Lemke, and Dr. Townsend was paid by Mark Sullivan last Sunday in his syndicated column. It seems to me that Mr. Sullivan has come to be the most tragic figure in American journalism with the possible exception of Walter Lippmann. Mark Sullivan was once the leader of liberal forces in the fight against the reactionaries of the Republican Party. But when he begins to lend aid and comfort to Gerald L. K. Smith Mr. Sullivan commits treachery to the craft which he has long served. Under even the loosest dispensation it is monstrous for him to suggest that Gerald L. K. Smith is a sincere man or that there is anything fine or to any extent justified in his indignation against "those who call him a 'rabble-rouser.' "

As a matter of fact, Smith isn't even indignant. Mark Sullivan heard him in action at the National Press Club. That night Smith chose to play straight. A few weeks earlier he made the speech before a somewhat more sophisticated audience at the Dutch Treat Club in New York. This time Smith stopped in the middle, grinned at the crowd, said "How am I doing?" and swung back into his act. On Sunday he did the speech again, this time on the radio, and with full stops and tremolo.

"What he is for, whatever is his constructive philosophy, did not clearly emerge in this speech," adds Mark a little naively.

It never does. I have heard the Gerald L. K. Smith speech several times and its climax runs just about as follows: "They tell me that I mustn't refer to our sacred flag. That would make me a rabble-rouser. They say I must not speak of our glorious Constitution. That would be rabble-rousing. They tell me that I cannot quote from my beloved Bible which I hold here in my hand. Let me tell you, my friends, that if it is rabble-rousing to praise the flag and the Constitution and to love and revere the holy Bible then I pray to God that He in his wisdom will make me the greatest rabble-rouser in the land and fit to follow in the footsteps of Huey Long, who chose me as his great disciple."

As Mark Sullivan says, the constructive philosophy is just a little dim. Even as an emotional appeal it isn't very accurate. Gerald L. K. Smith was never one of Senator Long's chief lieutenants. He was merely a hanger-on. Huey referred to him as his "number two preacher." Smith filled in when the other clergyman was not available. Long treated Gerald Smith with a good deal of contempt. Paul Y. Anderson tells me that on one occasion the Kingfish said to the Reverend Mr. Smith, "Gerald, what have you done with those dirty shirts I told you to send to the laundry? They're not back yet."

Upon the death of Huey, Gerald Smith prepared to move forward from dirty shirts to dirty linen in general. Before the beginning of 1936 he boasted that he had full control of all the Share-the-Wealth clubs. He told me that in New Orleans on New Year's Eve. The local newspapermen said that Gerald was trying to cover too much territory. He was not well liked by Long's associates. In an effort to attract attention to himself he briefly sponsored an anti-Semitic drive in the state. Herman Deutsch, the novelist and newspaperman, told me that Smith had called him up late at night and announced that the Share-the-Wealth clubs would sponsor a movement against the rich Jewish merchants of New Orleans. Nothing came of it. Seymour Weiss got hold of him and told him to shut up.

With the coming of the Talmadge grass-roots convention in Georgia, Gerald L. K. Smith saw a chance for the limelight and became one of the chief backers of the show which had at least moral support from Hearst and the Liberty League. Talmadge wanted to abolish the income tax and Smith said he represented four million members of Share-the-Wealth clubs. The two things didn't seem to hitch up, but Gerald is no great stickler for logic.

All that was required of anybody was to be against Roosevelt. You may remember the Talmadge convention as the one in which a picture of a Negro professor at Howard escorting Mrs. Roosevelt into the college office building was used to fan race prejudice. The "something fine" in Smith's own speech was his shout into the microphone, "We're going to turn that cripple out of the White House."

Mark Sullivan gathered among other things that Gerald L. K. Smith was fighting dictatorship and was for the mass against the rule of a few powerful people. It might be pertinent to call the attention of Mark Sullivan to the resolutions adopted by the Coughlinites in their Cleveland convention. The indorsement begins:

"In the conduct of the affairs of the National Union for Social Justice we indorse, without any exception whatsoever, all the acts of our president and great leader, Father Coughlin."

And the final paragraph runs: "Finally, lest specification detract from the fulness of our sanction, we publish our unreserved and unqualified indorsements of all public acts, radio addresses, and statements of our leader . . ."

Father Coughlin is great and Gerald L. K. Smith is his prophet. If Mark Sullivan can really find in him "something fine" he is wasting his time writing columns. Mark should rent himself out as a needle-nabber for hay farmers.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

NATURE AND THE MODERN MIND

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LAST year Donald Culross Peattie won a prize with his diary, "An Almanac for Moderns." He was hailed by many, including myself, as an important addition to the short list of first-rate writers about nature, and now "Green Laurels" (Simon and Schuster) confirms the judgment. This is his second book since the "Almanac" was published, and in the normal course of events it would now be time for commentators to discover the limitations they had overlooked in the first flush of their enthusiasm. But this new and lively account of the story of man's study of nature as revealed in the careers of the great naturalists is so interesting, so fresh, and so informed with an original sensibility as to disarm even the second thoughts of watchful critics.

It is true that Mr. Peattie occasionally overwrites as he did, rather more often, in the "Almanac"—that occasionally one seems to detect something almost febrile in his enthusiasm, not only for the idea of nature, but also for the idea of the naturalist. It is also true that "Green Laurels" does not appear to represent any considerable amount of new research. The facts he presents are for the most part familiar facts and constitute no important contribution to the historical record. Mr. Peattie is nevertheless much more than a mere popularizer, and he has more to give than even his remarkable power of communicating the enthusiasm he feels for his subject. That enthusiasm is based upon a definite attitude, half intellectual, half emotional, toward the whole world of living things, and it furnished him with a point of reference from which the history of the study of nature becomes much more than merely a history of gradually accumulated knowledge. It becomes primarily an account (illustrated through the work and the personality of great men) of the different kinds of facts which naturalists wanted to discover and, above all, of their aims and feelings at different periods. Thus the story of natural history includes the story of the naturalist's conception of man's relation to nature.

In our issue for July 25 Mr. Benjamin Ginzburg offered an admirable review of the volume from the standpoint of the scientist. My excuse for returning to it here is that I, as a layman, discovered in a book intended for laymen conceptions and clarifications which a scientist is naturally inclined to take for granted.

Modern natural history began, like most branches of modern knowledge, with the effort to recover the somewhat overestimated knowledge and wisdom of classical times. The Renaissance botanist, for example, thought of his task as primarily the task of identifying in his own region the plants mentioned by Dioscorides, and only with great reluctance was he forced to realize that the flora of the Mediterranean region were not coextensive with the flora of the world. When he did finally realize that fact he began to collect and to classify; Linnæus appeared to bring order out of chaos; and, finally, as has happened in the case of every new line of study opened up, Linnæan science became a dead mechanical thing. The mania for collecting and classifying actually impeded the exploitation of more fruitful fields of inquiry, just as, later, comparative anatomy came to obstruct new developments, and the great work of Cuvier was used for rather more than it was worth in the effort to block the study of evolution.

Thus the history of natural history is, on the one hand, a history of the opening up and the subsequent exhaustion of fields of inquiry. More subtly it is also the history of what attitude men took toward their materials, of what they hoped to gain from their knowledge of nature. And on this side the history is of concern to every student of the human mind because it parallels and constitutes one aspect of the more general history of the emotional and philosophical attitudes assumed in the course of the development of that mind. There is, for example, nothing more fundamental in the story of the naturalist than the fact that, like the inquirer in most other fields, his progress has been a difficult and often painful progress away from that homocentric conception of the universe which is so natural to man. The triumph of Copernican astronomy, for example, is not an isolated fact. The realization that the earth is not the center of the universe but that, instead, it revolves around a center outside itself is merely one aspect of the disturbing fact that, in general, we can understand the external world only when we make the effort to discover about what center, other than the one we naturally assume, events are moving. And though Mr. Peattie nowhere specifically calls attention to just this fact it is implicit in most of what he writes, and the course of natural history is a progress away from the conception of man's central position in the scheme of life.

The early botanists, for example, were crudely teleological as well as crudely utilitarian. They were trying to find plants useful to man; they assumed that each plant had been "put here for a purpose," (i.e., to be useful to man); and they rather suspected that each had been marked in some way, so that, for instance, a plant with a heart-shaped leaf would be good for the heart. Long after this attitude had ceased to be exhibited in so crass a form it still dominated men's minds in subtler ways. Thus the first suggestion of an evolutionary relationship between man and the other animals assumed, as a matter of course,

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that man was the original creation and that other creatures had degenerated from him. But Buffon, whom Mr. Peattie takes as the perfect, if somewhat belated, type of the more refined form of the homocentric naturalist, will illustrate better. He felt that the natural grouping of animals was that which follows the line of human thought. A reasonable man would not follow an account of the horse, with an account of the zebra but with one of the dog which follows at the horse's heels. Animals were described as "noble," "courageous," "loyal," as though animal nature were to be understood only in terms of human nature. But best of all was his comment on one of Réaumur's pioneer contributions to the knowledge of insect behavior:

> In the end, a bee should not occupy more space in the head of a naturalist than it does in Nature: and this marvelous republic of flies will never be more in the eyes of reason than a swarm of little beasts that have no other relation to us than to supply us with wax and honey.

Goodness only knows, these "eyes of reason" were comforting things, and Mr. Peattie, heir to all the knowledge that Buffon instinctively feared, cannot define his relation to other living creatures so simply or so clearly as Buffon could define our relation to bees. In one sense we seem less intimate with nature because nature is no longer merely the environment provided for us and to be understood fully as such; because, too, we know now how hopeless is the attempt to understand animal consciousness in terms of our own, as though the mental life of a beetle or even of a dog were merely some simple and dimmer version of ours. We realize now that our motives and aims and thoughts are, like our way of life, merely one system of possible modes of aiming and thinking and living, so that we cannot even describe one mode as higher than another without introducing premises which are purely human. And to realize this is to be moved away a second step from that feeling of intimacy which primitive man must have had when he assumed, not only what Buffon did, but also that the beasts could on occasion hold their conferences and make their speeches.

But if we are less at home with nature, in this sense less intimate with other creatures, we have, and for the same reasons, a greater if dimmer sense of fellowship with them—more of a feeling that we are co-equals sprung from the same source and engaged, each in our own way, in the common adventure of living. To know them is not to know lesser versions of ourselves but to catch some glimpse, which we could never catch if we knew only ourselves, into that mystery of the living world of which we are a part.

> There is something about almost any living thing that is plasmic, resilient, and in a way alarming. We say, "I touched something—and it was *alive!*" There is no such shock in touching that which has never lived. The mineral world is vast, it is mighty, rigid, and brittle. But the hand that touches vital matter—though the man were blind—infallibly recognizes the feel of life, and recoils in excitement.

Only a modern, I think, could have written exactly that because the feeling which infuses the passage is purely modern—because only a modern could realize that all protoplasm is one, that to touch something alive is not to touch something lesser than man and necessarily subordinate to him, but to touch the mystery which includes all others.

BOOKS

The Majestic People

THE PEOPLE, YES. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

WHEN Rebecca West made mention of Sandburg's "revolutionary passion" in 1926, pausing to remark that "poem after poem is ruined by a coarsely intruding line that turns it from poetry into propaganda," it was in the nature of an afterthought. Sandburg was then concerned even more circumstantially than in the present volume with ice-handlers, dock-wallopers, wheat-stackers, and "contemporary bunk-shooters"; but his status as a propagandist was incidental to his function as "poet of the Middle West." "The People, Yes," which is defined for us in a prefatory lyric as a collection of "stories and poems nobody would want to laugh at, interspersed with memoranda worth a second look," is a volume to be considered entirely in terms of its "revolutionary" content. Sandburg's tenderness for ethnological detail has not prevented him from marshaling his facts about a thesis here, the tractarian nature of which becomes unmistakable as the theme gathers bulk and momentum.

"The People,Yes" is from one standpoint a heroic poem without a hero. The intent has been to celebrate the anonymous Genius of the People as a force capable of molding into its own image not only the language and *mores* of a nation, but its history as well. With more prodigality than order Sandburg has set down the American folk-epic as he conceives it, chiefly by the procedure of overturning upon the pages bushel-baskets of regional legends, phrases, anecdotes, tall tales, allusions, and aphorisms interspersed with comment of his own. Occasionally this material is engrafted upon lyrical themes and knit to the general score by links of logic or contextual reference. Most often, however, the items are thrown up in series, arbitrarily, so that the effect becomes one of chanted portfolio notations rather than an orderly development of a theme.

Sandburg's fundamental conception of "The People" as a historical entity is clear both by direct statement and from a steady stream of tropes which furnish an incidental embroidery to the argument as a whole. There occur such metaphors as "a child at school writing howlers, writing answers half-wrong, half-right," a "monster turtle," a monolith, a target, a spectrum, a Pandora's box, an avalanche, an anvil, a cosmos, and a phantasmagoria; at its baldest, however, we are told: "The People is Everyman, everybody. Everybody is you and I and all others." With complete consistency, then, history becomes "a few Big Names plus People," industry "the daily chores of the people":

> The plow and the hammer, the knife and
> the shovel, the planting hoe and the
> reaping sickle, everywhere these are
> the people's possessions by right of use.

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Similarly justice becomes a verdict, not of a quorum, but of a culture. Ultimately, the concept is compacted into a trope of the People as History moving blindly through space and time and achieving its destiny not so much through conscious exercise of will as by a gradual, tortured, yet invincible exodus from trial and error to revolution.

Whether such a notion takes into account sufficiently the element of will—of conscious rather than blind self-enlightenment—as a catalyst in the hastening of historical effects, and whether it must not also in the last analysis look wholly to faith for the attainment of its ends—faith in "the majestic people," in the eventual "dignity of deepening roots"—are problems to be suggested only in passing. More to the point of present-day issues are the poet's direct avowals of sympathy and indignation: Sandburg has known of verdicts purchased through bribes, of violence hired, of murder paid for, of "pay-day patriots." "The man in the street is fed with lies in peace, gas in war," he writes, is challenged with the "animal dictate" to "do what we tell you or go hungry; listen to us or you don't eat," while "rare and suave swine . . . pay themselves a fat swag of higher salaries." He calls upon Lincoln as the exemplar of the American folk-conscience to point the way "beyond the present wilderness" of exploitation and deceit, much as Wordsworth invoked the spirit of Milton in 1802. "Always the storm of propaganda blows," he concludes; but "the learning and blundering people will live on."

> The living passion of millions can rise
> into a whirlwind: the storm once loose
> who can ride it? you? or you? or you?
> only history, only tomorrow, knows
> for every revolution breaks
> as a child of its own convulsive hour
> shooting patterns never told beforehand.

Many matters of popular moment, it is true, are skirted by a quizzical "Yes and no, no and yes"; and the reader is left to determine for himself whether the "United States of the Earth," of which mention is made in Section 87, is to be construed as an allusion to Tennyson, Marx, or Jesus. A query more easy of resolution is that addressed to the Chinese philosopher in an earlier section: "Was he preaching or writing poetry or talking through his hat?" In the present volume, surely, Sandburg has devoted the greatest part of his energies to the first, considerably less to the second, and nothing at all to the last. The result may make negligible poetry and confused preaching, but it proves Sandburg thoroughly alive to the "shock and contact of ideas" today. On this account alone—if not solely—"The People, Yes" should interest a wider audience than any of his other volumes since "Chicago Poems."

BEN BELITT

Blue Chartreuse

THE CAT. By Colette. Translated from the French by Morris Bentinck. Farrar and Rinehart. $1.50.

SURELY it is only in France that a novel could be written whose hero at the age of twenty-four looked at himself one night in the mirror and exclaimed: "But get to bed . . . you're all to pieces . . . it's disgraceful. . . . They think I'm beautiful just because I'm blond; dark, I'd be hideous." He stood there nevertheless and smiled "so that he might admire his teeth again; affectionately stroked the natural part in his too thick blond hair; and was pleased with the tints in his eyes, gray, shading into green near the dark lashes; the eye itself surrounded by a purplish circle." Alain was to be married in a day or two, and he had just been going over some of his old things in the charming, ugly house where he lived with his indulgent Mama. There was one box which contained his absolutely personal treasures: "a gold dollar; a signet ring; an agate charm from his father's chain; a few red seeds from a rare East Indian plant; a mother-of-pearl rosary; a broken bracelet, souvenir of a young, hot-tempered mistress who had remained in his life briefly and left it tempestuously. . . . Dreamily he fingered these small relics, shining and worthless like the bits of broken stones found in the nests of plundering birds. 'I must throw away all this . . . or leave it here. I don't care about it . . . or can it be that I do?' "

He did. He cared about everything that he could finger in this dreamy way; everything, in fact, about his mother's charming old ugly house with its wonderful walled garden where even when he shut his gray-green-purple eyes he could be sure that the expensive fertilizer about the base of every flower was exhaling a miraculous moisture. Moisture. That was it. This twenty-fourth summer was hot in Neuilly, and there was a dis-

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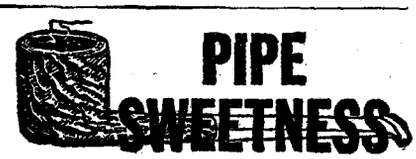

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appointing dryness in the thoughts he was able to have from time to time concerning the rather commonplace modern girl he was going to marry. Camille was dark and lovely, and there could be no doubt of her passion for Alain. But she was hard; drove a roadster in the regulation way of pampered maidens; and was something of an intrusion, really, in this hothouse of his little memories and of his daily pleasures which after all were so difficult to disentangle from the entire secret jungle where his dreams had root. It was not easy for him in his dreams to know whether he was four or twenty-four; though it was easy to dream. He simply had to drop down on the fresh sheets which Emile would of course have spread for him in the room where nothing else must ever change; run his hands skilfully over the fur of Saha, his blue Chartreuse cat who at such a time crept silently to the breast of his pajamas; and be off at once among the great rings of light and the tropical vines of fancy which writhed together in patterns quite indescribable later on when he woke up and went with a certain unwillingness to keep some eleven o'clock engagement with the immaculately dressed Camille. Occasionally, to be sure, he dropped languidly down to the business his father had left him, and talked for an hour or two with old M. Veuillet. But that was as he chose; and more frequently he chose to remain all morning in the garden where Saha conducted her fierce little hunts after butterflies and moths, and where the two of them knew the significance of every gesture and every small cry that either of them might make.

Alain didn't know how well he would get on without Saha after his marriage. The separation was to be brief; only until the new house was ready next to this one of his mother's, which somehow seemed to him violated whenever he glanced over at the piles of wood and plaster beyond the familiar horizon of honeysuckle. But it was to be a separation. He and Camille were to spend their honeymoon in Patrick's apartment, nine stories up; and this was no place for Saha. Temporarily, as things turned out, it was the place for Alain and Camille, who learned how to forget everything else in each other's daily and nightly arms. Yet, rather to Camille's chagrin, Alain did eventually remember his cat and go to see her—and what was worse for a woman capable of French jealousy, bring her back with him. What happened afterwards is something that no reviewer should tell. But it was terrible and tragic, and on the last page it looked as if it would be a long time before either lover—if such a term was applicable now—studied again the down, black or gold as the case might be, on the other's outstretched anatomy.

Surely it is only in France that such a novel could be written and not be wholly preposterous. And probably it is only Colette who could contrive to write it in a hundred and sixty pages. In as little space as that she definitely establishes the existence of her offensive young man, his fiancée and his bride, his mother, his servants, his private world of poetry, and of course his cat. I must confess that I do not know what should be written in the heavy English hand about so able a piece of—perhaps—triviality. If every other people is slightly ridiculous to us, and if the French certainly cannot be excluded from the compliment, at least it is true that no other people manages to go on being itself so purely, so intelligently, and with such a fantastic self-possession. How well Colette understands her story I do not know, any more than I know whether I understand it at all; or whether there is anything to understand. As to its importance in the universe of books—well, that must be left to someone wise beyond the present year, and wise beyond nationality.

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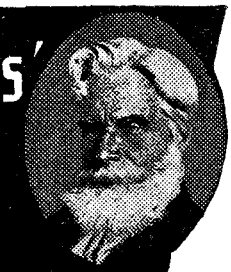

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A Prophecy of Possibilities

THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND. 1815—1865. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.

THERE is in Mr. Brooks's narrative of the New England mind a deep kind of negative inspiration for the writers and artists of our day, New England or not; and there is, more immediately discernible but harder to enact, a deep positive inspiration for men of culture, good-will, and responsible sensibility. We have here, that is, a prophecy of possibility such as history always provides when it is taken as the record of imagination: the cycle of germination, flowering, and—not extinction, but mummification. We see ourselves always, in such a perspective, living in the ruins of unexhausted possibilities; and if we emphasize, as Mr. Brooks does in this narrative, the whole contagious juvenescence, the new and omnivorous imagination finding everywhere its natural themes almost bursting into the flower of form, we see not only that the possibility was unexhausted but that it persisted, and persists now, actually inexhaustible. The possibility was merely not taken up. The imagination grew tired, or clever, or self-conscious. It hid, so to speak, on the surface of the society it envisaged and lost the discipline of detachment, or it succumbed, like a statesman's imagination, to the exigence of office and election, when writing and thinking became the exercise of vanity and expostulation. Yet the possibility remained; still remains, and still waits. How shall it be taken up?

Prophecy is memory working forward, and springs as much from need as from desire, from the sight of necessity as much as from the blindness of hope. Prophecy puts us on the brink. By writing, at this time, in his full powers, a narrative of appreciation so keen, so full of relish and admiration and intimations of vitality, Mr. Brooks not only celebrates the highest period (I do not say the greatest artists) of American culture, he brings us to the brink, the very possibility, of another such period. It is the brink of an abyss only if you draw back and are ever afterwards haunted. The point may be pressed. It is the point that the view you take may be determined by your awareness of your needs.

It is in the stature of his awareness that, in this volume, Mr. Brooks has increased. Granted that his subject helped him, there has also been a transformation in his point of view. In "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" he saw principally the social problem of the American artist at home, and in "The Pilgrimage of Henry James" he emphasized the problem of the deracinated artist in search of a theme; but in neither book did he demonstrate or judge the actual achievement—the greatness of imagination—of Mark Twain and Henry James. "The Flowering of New England" could easily have been written to illustrate the analogous problems of the period, could have emphasized the sterile late years of Hawthorne or the lack of composition in Emerson; only then it must have been called "The Straw Flowers of New England"—for straw flowers are cut and dried before they are completely open. The fact that Mr. Brooks's mind has so grown and so changed that he chose rather to declare not only what greatness was there but also the greatness of the possibility that was never enacted—that fact contains the inspiration of his narrative for ourselves as artists. His narrative is good for any region and any scene, and good especially for those disorders whose symptoms are lack of theme and the rootless malaise. He will not make us great writers—no one would wish for that providence—but he will make us feel the direction of magnitude and the stretch of scope; and these are not the same as the sentiments of either Thomas Wolfe or Ernest Hemingway.

The positive inspiration (which artists cannot gain except directly) for men of culture and good-will and responsible sensibility is again found in the story Mr. Brooks chose to tell as the background and support of his major story: the story of the men and women of all ranks and kinds who were alert and sentient and on the stretch at one or more focal points of sensibility and so contributed to the cooperative vitality of their culture. Most of the individuals were narrow, all of them were limited, none of them complete in our eyes; but they vitalized a culture which seemed complete and even universal to themselves—and indeed to much of Europe. If the reader will look up the *unfamiliar* names in Mr. Brooks's index he will I think be astonished at the high state of culture he finds exemplified, and more astonished at the breadth of learning which conditioned the culture; but if the reader is incredulous, he will be on the wrong track.

There is, finally, a point where the needs of artists and men of good-will may meet. Speaking of the orchidaceous and atrophied existence of the American exiles in Rome, Mr. Brooks observes that "Norton, with his acute social conscience, his sense of a mission at home, probed under the surface of Italian life. The repressive political system disturbed him, and he had understood, from his own observation, the sorrows of Petrarch, Dante, and Alfieri, who had mourned over their country and its degradation. . . . He had cared for the realities of Italian life. . . . The others did not wish to care. It was to escape from the prose of existence that they had left America. *If their writing lost all grip and bottom, was not this the reason* and the explanation?" It is because we are so widely aware that in this respect our artists no less than our men of culture are

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orchidaceous exiles at home, that we can feel the possibility of both grip and bottom. It is the same awareness that helped produce this book as prophecy. Where we are aware of a lack, we can feel, if we use all the faculties of feeling—both reason and imagination—that the cure is within us. R. P. BLACKMUR

Through Western Eyes

EYES ON JAPAN. by Victor A. Yakhontoff. Coward-McCann. $3.50.

THIS review is a melancholy record of what might have been. General Yakhontoff describes his book as "a concise source for reference on various aspects of Japan's life." A 281-page attempt to survey the history, geography, culture, economic structure, contemporary politics, manners, and morals of a country cannot contribute much that is really valuable, although even in that narrow space the author manages to squeeze in a surprising amount of material. But when such works exist as Professor Murdoch's standard history, Harold Moulton's detailed "Economic and Financial Appraisal," and Sir George Sansom's unsurpassed "Cultural History," General Yakhontoff's book seems to have only the rather dubious *raison d'être* of being all in one volume. What he might have done, what he comes so near doing but always just misses, would have been to give us a living, ticking likeness of modern Japan. But so occupied is the author in scurrying all over the surface of his subject that he takes no time off to dig underneath and find out what really goes on. For instance in describing the administrative set-up of the government the author never mentions its least-known but most powerful element, the *jushin,* or throne clique, which officially does not exist at all, but which actually exercises all the power nominally invested in that most wooden of figureheads, the Emperor. Again he misses the opportunity to bring dead words to life when he discusses the abandonment of the gold standard in abstract instead of in terms of its connection with the assassination of Premier Inukai and others in 1932; or foreign trade competition in abstract instead of in terms of last year's bitter trade war with Canada; or the constitutional position of the Emperor vis-a-vis the state in abstract instead of in terms of the Minobe controversy which last summer kept the Cabinet tottering on the brink of resignation for months and roused the military to a pitch of ire that has not died down yet. To this Yakhontoff gives one grudging sentence. The author, given the original scheme of his book, could ill afford space for such concrete illustrations. He does carry out his scheme with amazing thoroughness, filling in every nook and cranny in the Japanese state structure with some particle of information, however slight. But the reader would have a more vivid picture of how Japan lives and works had General Yakhontoff been less encyclopedic and more intensive.

In his thesis that there are no psychological differences of any importance between Japan and the West, it seems to me particularly apparent that the General, while he may have his eyes on Japan, is wearing blinkers. What differences there are, he says, are "not fundamental" and are already blending "under the irresistible pressure of economics." The latter phrase is one of the several instances where the General (who was an officer in the Czar's army, military attaché of the imperial embassy in Tokyo in 1916-18, and assistant secretary of war under Kerensky) suddenly remembers that he is now a Marxist and gives a hurried nod in the direction of the dialectic. Only in the mechanics of living are the Japanese blending with the West. Underneath they are quite dissimilar from

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us in their mental processes, their scale of values, their *mores* and morals. To refuse to recognize this psychological barrier is to frustrate any attempt to solve our mutual problems.

Nor does it help us toward a solution to insist that the United States has so vital an interest in China that it must at all costs keep its hold there, which, in other words, is to insist that we must ultimately come into active conflict with Japan. Out of his sympathy with the Soviet Union, which wants us to stay active in Asia as an obstacle in the way of further Japanese aggression, it is but natural that General Yakhontoff should adopt this thesis. But it is strange to find him trying to fight fire with fire; entering a plea for American imperial interests as an inducement for us to curb Japanese imperialism, for that is what his argument amounts to.

BARBARA WERTHEIM

New Trend in Philosophy

MOVEMENTS OF THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By George H. Mead. Edited by Merritt H. Moore. University of Chicago Press. $5.

PHILOSOPHY alone of all the cultural sciences has remained comparatively unaffected by the vogue of social interpretations. Not that attempts have been wanting to depict in broad strokes obvious correlations between general tendencies in doctrine and basic social changes. But most efforts in this direction have concerned themselves merely with the *uses* to which doctrines have been put. The actual *structure* of philosophic thought, not to speak of its nuances and emphases, seems to have defied plausible social explanation. The result has been that professional philosophers whose major activity is analysis of formal questions of consistency and exploration of the technical problems immanent in philosophic tradition look askance upon the applications of historical materialism to their field. Marx's own *aperçus* have not been developed and the fruitful beginnings of Dewey's interpretations of Greek and modern philosophy beg for amplification. More than one ambitious program has been laid down whose thesis is that the history of philosophy is a pale conceptual reflection of the history of social organization and class struggles. But they have been, so to speak, nothing more than books with promising titles, exciting introductions, and blank pages.

One turns therefore with eagerness to the second of the trilogy of posthumous works of Professor George Mead which embodies the materials of a famous course on the development of philosophic ideas in the last century. Out of the school of Hegel, influencing and influenced by Dewey, a profound student of the history and social role of science, Mead was eminently qualified to carry through a social interpretation of philosophic movements which could stand up under critical analysis. Unfortunately Mead left little in the way of manuscripts so that the book had to be put together from students' notes. Even if we allow their verbatim character, the lectures, when delivered, were obviously not prepared for publication. Inevitable shortcomings of style and organization make the reading difficult, but there is a sufficient number of nuggets of pure gold to more than justify the editor's judgment of their worth. Here, too, Mead must rest content with the laurels of a pathfinder.

The periods with which Mead is mainly concerned cover the Kantian and post-Kantian schools in Germany and the French and English movements of the first half of the last century. Although the latter have been the subject of considerable interpretation, the former are almost virgin soil so far as detailed social investigation goes. Mead shows precisely in what sense the Kantian doctrines expressed the positive ethos of the classic bourgeois revolution. Neither Hobbes nor Locke nor Rousseau succeeded in vindicating the rational authority of science against the arbitrary authority of the church and state. And Hume's acid skepticism, by dissolving causality and the self into bundles of habitual association and seemingly calling into question all the presuppositions of the science of his day, opened a back door to intrenched custom and authority. Where reason is impugned, reigning orthodoxies are strengthened. According to Mead, with his theory of a priori synthetic judgment Kant placed the necessity and universality of science on new foundations. With his doctrine of the categorical imperative, he invested volition and desire with rational character, secured the moral ground of the rights for which the bourgeoisie was struggling, particularly property, and so saved the revolution. Now, only those interests in a community were valid which could be universalized, which were "of such a form that when a person wills something for himself he is willing the same for others."

Under Napoleon, who was too busy to read Kant, the gains of the French Revolution were consolidated in an "imperialist" form. This led to political failure, the frustration of high hopes, and reaction everywhere. In Germany one form of reaction took its intellectual point of departure from certain phases of Kant's thought. The Romantic movement in philosophy sought to justify personal, class, and national aspirations by appealing not to the identities of logic but the continuities of history. True freedom could not be won by worship of abstract Reason, which enforced its syllogistic conclusions with the guillotine and Napoleon's armies. Kant had taught that the laws of nature had been legislated by Mind. The Romantics improved upon him and maintained that not only the form but the substance of experience, i.e., the whole of history, was evolved out of the developing unity of the Self. The very object of knowledge was a construction of the Self—ethical in Fichte, aesthetic in Schelling, and logical in Hegel. Each of them assumed that the pattern of historical development is identical with the growth of self-consciousness, so that the truest as well as the most generic type of knowledge is self-knowledge. By communing with their innards, they established continuity with a fancied past in order to project an even more glorious future in which all social needs would be realized without paying the price of the historical furies. To Napoleon's victories they counterposed an egotistic cosmic imperialism in whose economy, inconsistently enough, Napoleon appeared as a necessary historical instrument.

Primary source-materials exist, apparently unknown to Mead, which go far to confirm his social analyses especially as regards Hegel. In view of the rather excessive current dispraise of post-Kantian idealism from Fichte to Hegel, there is also some point to Mead's stress upon the fruitfulness of the evolutionary attitude which underlay this romantic madness. But it is hard to determine exactly how Mead evaluates Hegel's dialectic. In some places he refers to the procedure of the research scientist as a fitting illustration of the Hegelian logic and asserts that the dialectic can be applied to every phase of life. Elsewhere he says, "The Hegelian dialectic did not devise a statement of scientific method." Perhaps his students slurred the qualifying contexts but it is clear that Mead never made up his mind about the value of the Hegelian logic. Nowhere does he seriously attempt to differentiate between the elements of sense and nonsense in the dialectic.

Most recent historians of philosophy have appreciated the

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impact of the industrial revolution upon the development of utilitarianism, positivism, socialism, and modern science. But I am acquainted with no technical philosopher who interprets the industrial revolution itself as a phase in the changing social relations of production which began with the break-up of the medieval synthesis and eventuated in the establishment of the world-market. Mead sets both the industrial revolution and the social philosophies correlated with it in a larger explanatory context, attributing dominant causal influence to the immanent development of capitalism. One is tempted at this point to accuse him of rewriting Marx but there is some evidence that Mead's insights on the question are original with him. To have rediscovered an elaborate chain of causal connection for an entire period of social history is no slight achievement and explains the intellectual tribute Dewey and Whitehead have paid him. The evidence of Mead's independence of Marx is indirect and will be found in a chapter on Karl Marx and Socialism, the accuracy of which is inversely proportional to its sympathy. Mead's attempt to foster Malthusianism upon Marx proves that he never finished the first volume of "Capital," for Marx's demonstration that overpopulation is a socio-economic not a biological phenomenon is nothing less than a definitive refutation of Malthus.

There are other important and stimulating chapters. One of them, Industry a Boon to Science, undertakes to show that "the economic organization of society has been the source out of which some of the most important of our scientific conceptions and hypotheses have arisen." The theory of energy is taken as the most conspicuous illustration. The chapter presents enough evidence, however, to justify the contention that industry owes more to pure science than vice versa. Those interested in the logic of science will regard the chapter devoted to the thesis that "modern science is research science" as the best in the volume. For Mead, scientific method is an experimental rationale of continuous human adjustment to novelties for the sake of predictive mastery. Although this emphasis leads to an underestimation of the systematic character of science, it is a welcome antidote to a fashionable current of scientific thought which holds that all laws are of the same form as the proposition, "Three feet make one yard." SIDNEY HOOK

RECORDS

COLUMBIA has replaced Weingartner's early recording of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony with a new one (five records, $7.50). The performance is simple and direct to the point of not revealing all there is in the work; the Viennese recording again (as in the case of Beethoven's Ninth, recently) does not reveal all there is in the performance—i.e., the tonal characteristics of the Vienna Philharmonic, particularly of its superb strings. It reveals more than the early set did; but in fidelity of timbre, clarity, and balance it falls short of what is being achieved today, or of what was achieved three or four years ago with this very orchestra in the "Rosenkavalier" set, and is no better than what Stokowski achieved in the earliest days of electrical recording. Occasionally, in fact, it is not even as good: the oboe, in so simple a texture as that of the third to sixth measures of the introduction to the symphony, is more distinct in Stokowski's early recording; and it is amazing to hear today what Stokowski managed to achieve: the volume, the fidelity of timbre, the unfailing distinctness even where there is lack of balance.

Columbia also has issued Mozart's Piano Concerto in A major (K. 488) in the performance of Marguerite Long with an orchestra under Gaubert (three records, $5). From this performance—all suavity, elegance, and poise—one infers that Mlle. Long's conception of Mozart is derived from the idealized classical perfection of his features in popular portraits. And if faithful recording matters less to you than faithful performance, you will choose the older Victor set, with the dynamic and at times turbulent performance of Arthur Rubinstein and the London Symphony under Barbirolli—a performance that has more to do with what Mozart really was and really looked like.

On Columbia single records are a superb performance by Gieseking, of Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau" and one almost as good of his "Soirée dans Granade" ($1.50); brilliant performances by Szigeti of Paganini's Caprices in B minor and E major ($1.50); Bach's Twelve Little Preludes, played on the harpsichord with unrelieved emphasis by Yella Pessl (two records, $2); a Bach Sarabande and a more attractive piece by Ibert for solo flute, beautifully played by Marcel Moyse ($1); and Hugo Wolf's delightful Italian Serenade in an excellent performance by the Lener String Quartet ($1.50) (the performance by the Budapest Quartet on Victor is even finer). On Victor single records are Schumann's "Schöne Fremde," "In der Fremde," "Geisternähe" and "Meine Rose," exquisitely sung by Ria Ginster ($2); Chopin's Etude Opus 25 No. 22 and Preludes Nos. 16 and 17, played by Lhevinne in what passes for the correct Chopin style—i.e., exaggerated nuances, and lots of them ($2); a beautiful performance of the Nocturne from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music by Aubrey Brain, solo horn, and the rest of the B.B.C. Orchestra under Boult ($1.50); and the waltzes from "Rosenkavalier," played—with brilliant sonority but, for my ears, without feeling for the genre—by Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony (two records, $3).

Of less consequence are Fauré's Piano Quartet Opus 15, well played by Casadesus, Calvet, Pascal, and Mas (Columbia: four records, $6); and Lapham's Japanese Piano Concerto with the composer at the piano—a work in which a few melodies from the Japanese in a context of European harmony, structural elaboration, and concerto bombast demonstrate the lack of profit in using such melodies in any stylistic and structural context but their own (Victor: three records, $3.50).

The Gramophone Shop has issued its long and impatiently awaited "Encyclopedia of Recorded Music" ($3.50), in which, thanks to the incredible industry of Mr. R. D. Darrell, you can discover what recordings there are, here and abroad, of any piece of music that interests you, provided it is not in the class of "dance music, popular songs, encore pieces, and such ephemerae," which Mr. Darrell has not bothered with (he does, however, include Gershwin, Kern, and Duke Ellington).

From the Concert Bureau of the College of the City of New York I have received "The Record Collector's Guide" ($1), in which Mr. Julian Morton Moses lists the celebrity recordings released by Columbia and Victor between April, 1903, and January, 1912. And from the Linguaphone Institute an announcement of recordings of quartets in each of which a different instrument is omitted, so that one may practice ensemble playing by playing with the records.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

DURANTY'S HITLER

Dear Sirs: Very infrequently does Mr. Walter Duranty call forth rebuttal. He not only writes as he pleases but he pleases as he writes. However, in *The Nation* for June 3 there appeared a review by him of two books on Hitler by Heiden and Olden which demands contradiction. It appears that these two biographies have given Mr. Duranty a higher opinion of Hitler than he had previously. He sees in him now "no Pied Piper of Hamelin" . . . but the Man whom the Occasion called forth . . . patriotic . . . who gave a hopeless people hope . . . a leaderless people leadership . . . there is power in him and quality beyond his fellows."

No summation applied to Hitler could be less true, more dangerous, or so unexpected from the pen of a man like Mr. Duranty. He has learned from these biographies that Hitler is no accident but a force continuing in a single direction through twenty years, that no situation found him lacking in powers of invention, in terms of betrayal, duplicity, compromise, brutality, blood-letting, and horror. Mr. Duranty has undoubtedly been led to believe, as have most of us until recently, that Hitler was an opportunist, and he is amazed to discover that he is a colossal monster. This discovery moves him to appreciation of the quality of the monster as monster rather than the quality of the monster as man.

Out of Hitler's mouth have come the following circumscriptions upon the German people: They are to be given less education, for they must no longer think, only obey. They are to be trained for war instead of educated for peace because the cultural contribution of the German people in the new era is to be war. They are to be deprived of the right as a people or as individuals to vary in color, size, or turn of mind or spirit, for the highest duty of this great people is blind obedience to the dictates of one man, Hitler. Because the masses of the people are stupid, democracy is a ridiculous concept, a lampoon of reality, and the unfeeling and unthinking masses are clods to be manufactured for the nation, which he further identifies as the expression of his own supreme will.

His history has been a steady climb into the bosom of heavy industry, from which rostrum he has dictated his abolition of every promise or sanction of liberty for individuals and associations of individuals. From this high place he has ordered murder and repression against every group of people in Germany except one, the small group of monopolists, the backbone and heart of the German war machine.

Hitler is no Pied Piper of Hamelin, Mr. Duranty; you are right. He is Nemesis. He betrays not only children, although he betrays them, but sixty million people who wish to walk and talk and love and live as they please within the bounds of decency.

HERBERT BIBERMAN

Hollywood, Calif., July 1

DEFENDING MR. BULLITT

Dear Sirs: In your issue of June 24 one of your writers suspected Ambassador Bullitt of being friendly to the Nazis. If I remember correctly your writer went so far as to state that he has definite information that Mr. Bullitt endeavored to influence the British Foreign Office in favor of the Nazis.

I have known Bill Bullitt for many years. He was in Philadelphia recently during the Democratic convention, and though I did not see him personally, I did ask J. David Stern to have someone interview him. I am in receipt of a letter from Mr. Stern saying "there is absolutely no truth" in the statements made by your writer. Knowing Bill Bullitt as I do, I would just as well believe that President Roosevelt tried to influence the British Foreign Office in favor of the Nazi government.

I have such a high regard for *The Nation,* and I quote it so often to many of my tory friends, that I would like your publication to be a little more careful on facts, especially when it concerns a man of such liberal tendencies as Bill Bullitt.

A. T. MALMED

Philadelphia, July 28

[Our correspondent refers to an editorial paragraph in which we discussed charges made against Mr. Bullitt by *The Week,* of London. Far from stating that we had any definite information that these charges were true, we remarked that we found them almost incredible in view of Mr. Bullitt's past record. We did, however, express the opinion that they were serious enough to warrant a thorough investigation by the State Department, and drastic action if they were found to be correct.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

LABOR VICTORY IN MINNEAPOLIS

Dear Sirs: Because you and your readers are familiar with the recent history of the Minneapolis labor movement, and because it is highly unusual for an international union to reinstate an "outlaw" local on honorable terms, you will be interested to hear that General Drivers' Local 574, after an independent existence of fifteen months, has been taken back into Daniel Tobin's International Teamsters' Union.

On July 15 the *Northwest Organizer,* weekly organ of 574, announced that,

> after a three weeks' period of friendly discussion, an agreement has been reached whereby the local Truck Drivers' Unions have been united by the return of the full membership of General Drivers 574 into the International Brotherhood of Teamsters and the American Federation of Labor . . . Under the new arrangements there will be only one General Drivers' Union which will function through a new International charter to be issued under a new number.

Details of the agreement were worked out through further negotiations. The officers of the new local will consist of three from former Local 574, and three International officials from the Chicago district. All of 574's organizers are to be retained; the new union is to be part of the Teamsters' Joint Council; and the semi-industrial structure of the union is to be preserved for at least one year. The *Northwest Organizer* is to continue publication under the editorship of Miles Dunne.

If one compares this agreement with the ultimatum laid down by Tobin in April, 1935 (which would have split the union up into six or seven sections and barred all officers and active members), one realizes that the new agreement is a tribute to the power of 574, and an index of the relationship of forces in Minneapolis. That the united Teamsters' Council is going to be a formidable weapon against the employers is shown by the fact that two notorious open-shop

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dairy companies have been brought to their knees during the past week with short, effective strikes. A campaign has already been initiated to organize every driver in the Northwest. Though local bankers and employers maintain that the new labor set-up is "twice as bad as before," friends of labor will rejoice in this union of forces which climaxes two years of turmoil and strike in the ranks of the workers in Minneapolis. One of these days, if you hear that Local 544 is going to town, remember that it carries on where 574 left off.

CARLOS HUDSON

Minneapolis, August 3

WHO SHALL GOVERN SPAIN?

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, Drunken Dictators, in your issue of August 8, strikes a splendid note in these trying days. One of your sentences struck me particularly. Speaking of the French government, you say: "It is a centrist government at a time in history when the center is a vacuum, and it is afraid to move lest it be sucked into the void." The way to fight the fascists is to fight the fascists.

In these critical hours the left seems to think it is defeating the fascists by the distribution of handbills, much talk about "Down with Franco, Hitler, Mussolini," and the hurling of devastating epithets. While the left talks the right moves into action. Your editorial calls for the sorely needed counter-action.

But please permit me to remind you that it says little of the present government in Spain. Yes, the Spanish working class is heroic, valiant, and advanced—but what does it stand to gain? Undoubtedly the defeat of Spanish reaction would be a significant victory. But what of allowing the establishment of a working-class state? How do you characterize the present regime? Isn't it really centrist? Hasn't it armed the workers only because it had to summon all forces ready to defend it against the onslaughts of the right? Now, what to do with this monster which it has created? The regime is on the defensive; the proletariat is on the offensive. Where will the centrists stand when the Francos and the Molas have been annihilated?

My point is that you place too much emphasis upon the defense of democracy *per se,* without full realization that the maintenance of such a democracy will not do away with the Francos, the Molas, the Villanuevas who are to be. My feeling is that only an iron dictatorship of the working class can guarantee the annihilation of the barbarism of the past.

WILLIAM COOPER

New York, August 9

[We are in agreement with our correspondent concerning the nature of the Spanish government—*before the present rebellion.* It has since been steadily pushed to the left. All reliable commentators agree that a loyalist victory will leave the Spanish workers in a position of great power. In that case we may expect the emergence of a much more radical government than the old republican regime.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

FROM FATHER DIVINE'S KINGDOM

Dear Sirs: I write to call to your attention a practice I have remarked in your pages which is not in accordance with the principles of social justice which *The Nation* has so courageously championed.

I know that race segregation is an evil which you have opposed as one of the darkest spots on the American scene, and for that reason I feel sure you will give due consideration to this question of using words, or terms, in referring to certain groups of people which tend to nourish this seed of segregation, not only in the minds of the ignorant but in many supposedly enlightened places in this country.

You would not use an article that referred to Huns, Frogs, Dagos, or Kikes. Recently I was even corrected by a little boy returning from school for speaking of a Chinaman. "You must say 'Chinese,'" he said, "They don't like to be called 'Chinamen.'" So it is with the word Negro which you are using in *The Nation.* This term originated in a desire on the part of people to belittle and exploit a whole group of other people. It has no geographical significance, and should, like the word Jew, be dropped from the vocabulary of everyone who believes wholeheartedly in the brotherhood of man.

It is through the teaching of Father Divine that I have come to realize how far-reaching race prejudice is, and how utterly destructive it is to the human race. So emphatic is Father Divine on this whole question that we, who call ourselves his followers, will no longer encourage by our patronage any paper or periodical that uses these prejudicial terms.

I sincerely hope that the editors of *The Nation* will recognize the validity of dropping from its pages these segregating terms, as I should be sorry to be obliged to discontinue my subscription, and I know that many others, especially those who are active on Father Divine's Righteous Government, would miss such a reliable source of truthful information.

BRONWEN C. PLEASONTON

New York, August 1

CONTRIBUTORS

GEROLD FRANK is on the staff of the Cleveland *News.* His lively account of an interview with Gerald L. K. Smith, Huey Long the Second, was published in *The Nation* of June 25.

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* correspondent in Moscow, wrote the first article on the new Soviet constitution to be published in America. It appeared in *The Nation* of June 17.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER has contributed to previous issues of *The Nation.* He is co-author with Kelley Loe of an analysis of the political and economic implications of the Townsend Plan, entitled "An Army of the Aged."

FRANK C. HANIGHEN is co-author with H. C. Engelbrecht of "Merchants of Death," a much-read book on the international munitions makers. He is now on the staff of the *Living Age.*

BEN BELITT, at present on the staff of *The Nation,* has contributed poetry to various magazines.

BARBARA WERTHEIM recently spent a year in Japan working at the Tokyo branch of the Institute for Pacific Relations, and has contributed to *Foreign Affairs* and other periodicals.

SIDNEY HOOK is chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Washington Square College of New York University. He is the author of "Toward an Understanding of Karl Marx," and "From Hegel to Marx."

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